THE FIRST parte of the Mirour for *Magiſtrates*, containing the falles of the moſt infortunate Princes of this lande:

From the comming of Brute to the incarnation of our ſauiour and redemer Ieſu Chriſte.

(.*.)

Ad Romanos. 13.2.

Quiſquis ſe opponit poteſtati, Dei ordinationi reſiſtit.

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Cum Priuilegio.

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The contentes of the Booke.

1. ALbanact the yongeſt ſonne of Brutus telles of the finding of this land, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. Fol. 4.

2. Humber the kinge of Hunnes ſhewes how he mindinge to conquere this land was drowned. &c. Fol. 15

3 Locrinus the eldeſt ſonne of Brutus declares his ſlaughter to hauehappened for his euil life. Fol. 17

4 Elſtride the concubine of Locrinus miſerably drowned by Guendoline his wife declares hir preſumptiõ, leude life, and infortunate fall. Fol. 21

5 Sabrine the baſe childe of Locrinus telles how ſhe was pitifully drowned by his wyfe Guendoline in reueng of her fathers adulterye. Fol. 28

6 Madan ſhevves hovve for his euil life hee vvas ſlaine of wolues. Fol. 32.

7 Manlius declares how he minding to kill his brother for the kingdome was by him ſlaine. Fol. 34

8 Mempricius giuen all to luſt, pleaſure and the ſinne of Sodomy: telles how he was deuoured of wolues. Fol. 36

9 Bladud reſiteth how hee practizing by curious artes to flye, fel and brake his necke Fol. 40

10 Cordila ſhewes howe by deſpaire when ſhe was in priſon ſhe ſlew hir ſelfe. Fol. 47.

The contentes.

11 Morgan telles how he wadging warre with his cosin Conidagus was slaine at the place yet called Glamorgan. Fol.54.

12 Forrex declares howve hee mindinge to kill his brother which ruled with him(that he might thereby raigne alone)was by him slaine. Fol. 57.

13 Porrex recites how for the slaughter of his brother he was slaine by his owne mother and hir maydens as he laye sleeping. Fol.60.

14 Kimarus shewes how for his euil life he was deuoured by wilde beasts. Fol.63.

15 Morindus a bastarde declares howe he was exalted to the kingdome, waxed cruell, and at last was deuoured by a monster. Fol.65

16 Nennius a worthy Britaine the very patern of a valiant, noble,and faithfull subiect,encountringe with Iulius Cæsar at his first comminge into this Islande was by him death wounded: yet natheless hee gate Cæsars sworde: put him to flight: slewe therewith Labienus a Tribune of the Romaynes: endured fighte till his countrymen wan the battaile: dyed xv. dayes after. And nowe encourageth all good subiectes to defende their countrey from the power of forraine and vsurping enemies. Fol.68.

Loue and liue.

TO THE NOBILITIE

and all other in office, God graunt
the increase of wysedome, with all thinges
necessarie for preseruacion of their
estates, Amen.

AMongst the wise (right *Honorable*) *whose sentẽces (for the moste parte) tende either to teache the attaining of vertue, or eschuing of vice: Plotinus that wonderfull and excellent Phylosopher, hath these wordes:* *The propertie of Temperaunce is to couet nothing which maye bee repented: not to exceade the bandes of measure, and to keepe desire vnder the yooke of Reason. VVhiche saying if it were so well knowen, as is needefull: so well imbraced, as hee wysshed, or so surely fixed in minde, as it is printed in his woorkes: then certis manye Christians might by the instruction of an Ethnicke Phylosopher, shunne great and daungerous perils. For to couet without consideration: to passe the measure of his degree: and to lette will runne at randon, is the onely destruction of all* Plotin.

estates. Else howe were it possible, so many learned, politike, wise, renoumed, valiaunt and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decaye. Will you that I rehearse Alexander the great, Cæsar, Pompey, Cyrus, Hannibal. &c. Al which (by desire of glorie) felte the reward of their immoderate and insatiable lustes, for if Alexander had ben content with Macedonie, or not ben puffte vp with pride after his triumphes: hee had neuer ben so miserably poysoned: If Cæsar and Pōpey had ben satisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill discention, ỹ one had not ben slaine in ỹ Senatè with daggers, the other abrode, by his frendes procurement. If Cyrus had ben pleased with all Persia, and Media, and not thirsted for bloud, he had neuer com to so infortunat a fall. If Hanniball had not so much delited in glory of warfarè, his countrey had neither fel in ruine, nor he ben miserably forced to poyson him selfe. But you wil say, desire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which al mẽ wel nighe of nature are inclined especially those which excel or haue any singuler gift of Fortune or of the body) moued them to such daungerous, great and hardy enterprises, which I must nedes confesse as an infallible veritie: but for so much as the aboue named vertue by Plotinus his iudgemẽt hath such excellent properties, it is so fit in a Magistrate,

Qu. Curtius.

Iustinus. lib. 1.

Plutarchus. Liuius. Polybius.

ſtrate, that I ſurely deme thoſe Princes aboue ſpecified (conſidering their factes, eſtates, fortunes, fame and exploytes) had neuer come to ſuche ende, but for wante of temperance. Yet ſithe there are three other Cardinall vertues whiche are requiſite in him that ſhould be in authoritie: that is to ſaye, Prudence, Iuſtice, and Fortitude, which ſo wōderfully adorne and beautifie all eſtates, (if Temperaunce bee with them adioyned that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praiſe thē) ſome peraduenture as affection leades: will commende one, ſome another. Yea, and though Ariſtotle prince of Phyloſophers name Prudence, The mother of vertues. And Cicero define hir the knowledge of thinges which ought to be deſired and followed: and alſo of them which ought to be fled and eſchewed, yet ſhall you finde that for wante of Temperaunce, thoſe whiche were counted the wiſeſt that euer were, fel into wonderfull reproche and infamie. Yea and though Iuſtice that incomparable vertue, as the auncient Ciuilians define hir, be a perpetuall and conſtant will which geueth to euery man his right. Yet if ſhe be not conſtant, which is the gift of fortitude, nor equal in diſcerning right from wrong, wherin is prudence: nor vſe proportion in iudgement and ſentence whicb pertaineth to temperaunce. ſhee can neuer be called equitie or iuſtice, but fraude, de-

Ariſtot. Cicero. Prudence

Iuſtice.

 ceite,

ceate, in iustice, and iniurie. And to speake of For-
tude which Cicero definith, A considerate vndertaking of perils, and enduring of labours. If hee whom we suppose stoute, valiaũt, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperaunce, he is not counted bolde, manly and constant. but made beastly and desperate. I will also sith I haue gone so farre with the vertues (and the place so vrgeth) lastly set downe the difinition of Temperaunce, according to Cicero his opinion, Temperaũce (saith he) is of reason in lust and other euil assaultes of ỹ minde, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue hath three partes, that is cõtinence, clemẽcie and modestie, which well and wisely obserued and kept (if grace be to thẽ adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the vnfortunate snares of calamitie or misfortune. But Ambition which is an immoderate desire of honore, rule, dominiõ, and superioritie. (the very destructiõ of nobilitie, and commune weales: as among the Romains Silla, Marius, Carbo, Cinna, Cateline, Pompey, and Cæsar, are witnesses) hath brought great decay also to our countrey, and countreymen. which Maister Baldwin hath so learnedly touched in his Epistle of the other volume of this booke, that I nede not therewith deale any further. Onely I would to God it were so oft

Fortitude Cicero.

Cicero. Temperaunce.

The Epistle.

so ofte read and regarded of all Magistrates as the matter requireth. I haue here (right honorable) in this booke (which I am so bolde to dedicate to your honors) only reproued foly in those which are heedelesse: iniurie in extortioners. rashnes in venterers, and excesse, in such as suppresse not vnruly affections. And I trust you will so thinke of it (although the stile deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part: which if you shall, I doubt not but it maye pleasure some, if not, yet giue occasion to others which can do farre better, either with eloquence to amende that is amisse in mine, or else when they see these so rudely pende, to publishe their own. And thus wishing you Prudence to discerne what is meete for your callinges. Iustice in the administrations of your functiõs, Fortitude in the defence of your countrey: and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with increase of honors, and euerlasting felicitie, I bid you in Christe Iesu farewell.

Your humble Iohn
Higgins.

I. Higgins to the Reader.

AMongst diuers & sondry Chronicles of many Nations, I thincke there are none (gentle reader) so uncertaine & briefe in ỹ beginninge as ours, at which I cannot but maruaile sith at all tim.s oure Ilande had as learned writers (some singuler men excepted) as any Nation vnder ỹ Sunne. Againe those, which now are our best Chroniclers as they report haue great Antiquities, but what they publish of late yeares may be enlarged in many p.laces by Chronicles of other Nations: whereby it is manifest they are either ignorannt of the tõgues, or els not giuen to ỹ study of ỹ which they most professe For if they were, me thincks it were easye for them w̃ such Antiquities as they brag they haue, to fetch our Histories from the beginning, & make them as ample as the Chronicles of any other Country or Nation. But they are faine in steede of other stuffe to talke of ỹ Romaines, Greekes, Persians, &c. and to fill our Histories with their facts & fables. This I speake not to ỹ end I would haue ours quite seperate from other without any mention of them, but I would haue them ther onelye named wher th'affayres of both countryes by warre, peace, truce, mariage, trafique or some necessary cause or other is intermixed. I haue seene no auncient antiquities in writtẽ hand but two, one was Galfridus of Munmouth which I lost by misfortune, the other an old Chronicle in a kind of Englishe Uerse, beginning at Brute and endinge at the death of Humfrey Duke of Glocester, in the which and diuers other good Chronicles I finde manye thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maister Grafton and that where he is most barraine and wantes matter. But as the greatest heades, the grayest heyres, and best clarkes haue not most witte, so the greatest Bookes, titles and Tomes containe not most mater. And this haue I spoken because in writinge the Tragedies of the first infortunate Princes of this Isle, I was often faine to vse

mine

mine owne ſimple inuention (yet not ſwaruing from the matter) becauſe the Chronicles (althoughe they wente out vnder diuers mens names) in ſome ſuche places as I moſte needed their ayde wrate one thing: and that ſo briefly that a whole Princes raigne, life and death, was compriſed in three lines. Yea and ſometimes mine olde booke aboue mentioned holpe mee out when the reſt forſoke mee, as for Lanquet, Stowe, and Grafton were alwayes nighe of one opinion, but the Floure of Hiſtories ſomewhat larger, ſome helpe had I of an olde Chronicle imprinted ỳ yeare 1515. But ſurely mee thincks and ſo do moſt which delite in hiſtoryes, it were worthily done if one Chronicle were drawne from the beginning in ſuch perfect ſort, that all monuments of vertuous men, (to ỳ exalting of Gods glorye) and all puniſhments of vicious perſons (to ỳ terrour of the wicked) might be regiſtred in perpetuall remẽbraunce. To which thing the right reuerende father in God Matthew Archbiſhoppe of Canterbury & Metropolitane of Englande hath brought ſuch ayde as well by printing as preſeruinge the written Chronicles of this Realme that by his Graces ſtudye and paines, the labour in time to come wilbe farre more eaſye to them ſhall take ſuch trauaile in hande.

But to leaue with theſe and declare the cauſe of my purpoſe. As I chaunced to reade the Mirour for Magiſtrates a worke by all men wonderfully commended, and full of fitte inſtructions for preſeruation of eche eſtate: takinge in hand ỳ Chronicles, and minding to conferre the times: mee thoughte the liues of a nomber euen at the beginninge the like infortunate Princes, offered themſelues vnto mee as matter verye meete for imitation the like admonition, miter and phraſe, and ſeing Baldwine by theſe woordes moued mee ſomewhat thereto: It
“ were (ſayth hee) a goodly and a notable matter to ſearch and
“ diſcourſe our whole ſtory from the beginninge of the inha-
“ biting of this Iſle, &c. I read the ſtoryes, I conſidered of the Princes, I noted their liues, and therewith conferred theyr deathes. On this I toke penne in hande, mindinge nothinge

leſſe

lesse then to publishe them abroade: but onelye to trye what I coulde do if neede were or time and leasure were giuen mee to bestow in such wise. I wrote the two first euen as they now are, and because I would not keepe secrete my first labours in this kinde of studye (though I might well haue blushed at the baselnes of my stile) I shewed them to a freinde of mine, desiring his vnfayned iudgement in this matter: which when he had read he neuer left intreating mee to write other, til I had ended all to the byrth of CHRIST, and yet not so content: he desired mee t'accomplish the residue til I came to the Conquest, (which were welnighe fiftye Tragedies) but wearied with those which I had written, I desired him pause on this, till time and leasure were giuen mee. Yet he makinge relation to other his frendes what I had done, left mee not quiet till they likewise had seene them. Whose perswasion, as it seemed without any suspition of assentation or flatery, so hath it made mee bolder at this present then before For although
cc (sayd they) your Tragedies be simple and not comparable to
cc those which the other before haue written: yet when men
cc consider that many wrote those, but one these: that they are
cc graue writers, you are but yong: the perfection of those sto-
cc ries, and th'imperfection of these. Finally the good will you
cc beare to your country, the commendation of vertue, the de-
cc testation of vice, the fall of ambition, the horrible ende of
cc traytours, harlots, tyraunts, adulters, enchaunters, murderers
cc and such like. VVhen men (said they) consider these things
cc they cannot (how simple soeuer your Verse bee) but thincke
cc well of the matter. At length with these perswasions and suche like: I was contente (good Reader) to publishe them for thy behouse, and the publique weale of my countrye. At which if thou enuye: I minde not therefore to enuye my selfe and staye my penne: but God willing thou shalt as fast as I can prepare them, haue other Bookes from my handes which maye please thee againe, and thus with all my harte I bidde the hartelye Farewell.

Thy freinde I. H.

The Authours induction. Fol.1

AS Somer ſweete with all hir pleaſures paſte,
And leaues began, to leaue both braũche and tree,
VVhile winter colde approatched nere full faſt
Mee thought the time, to ſadnes moued mee
On drouping daies, not halfe ſuch mirth haue wee:
As when the time of yeare and wether-s fayre,
So moue our mindes, aȝ mocions moue the ayre.

The wery nightes, approatched on apace
VVith darkeſom ſhades, which ſomewhat breedeth care,
The Sun had take more nere the earth his race,
In Libra than, his greateſt ſwinge hee bare,
For ȝardy then, the dayes more colder are,
Then fades the greene, fruite timely, herbes are don,
And wynter gines to waſte that ſommer won.

I deemde ſome booke, of mourning theame was beſte
To reade, were with inſtructions mingled ſo,
As might againe, refreſhe my wittes oppreſte
VVith tedıouſnes not driue mee quyte therfro:
VVherfore I went the Printers ſtraight vnto,
To ſeeke ſome worke of price I ſurely mente,
That might herein my carefull mynde contente.

At length by hap, I found a booke ſo ſad,
As time of yeare or wynter could require,
The Mirroure namde, for Magiſtrates he had
So finely pende, as harte could well deſire,
VVhich when I read, ſo ſet my heart on fire:
Eftſones it mee conſtraind to take the payne
Not leaue with once, to reade it once againe.

The Authours induction.

And as againe, I vewde this worke with heede:
And marked playne eache party tell his fall
Mee thought in mynde, I ſawe thoſe men in deede:
Eke howe they came, in order pleading all,
Declaring well, this life is but a thrall:
Sithe thoſe on whom, for Fortunes giftes we ſtare,
Ofte ſooniſte ſinke in greateſt ſeas of care.

For ſome of theſe were kinges of highe eſtate:
And ſome were Dukes, and came of Regall race:
Some Princes, Lordes and Iudges great that ſate
In councell ſtill, decreing euery caſe:
Some other Knightes, that vices did imbrace:
Some Gentlemen: ſome poore that looked hie,
Yet euery one had playde his tragœdye.

A Mirroure well it may be calde a glaſſe,
More cleare then any cryſtall vnder Sun,
In eache reſpecte, the Tragœdies ſo paſſe,
Their names ſhall lyue, that ſuch a worke begun:
For why with ſuch Decorum is it don:
That Momus ſpight, which more then Argus eyes
Can neuer watche to kepe it from the wiſe.

Examples there for all eſtates you finde,
For iudge (I ſay) what iuſtice he ſhould vſe:
The noble man to beare a noble mynde,
And not him ſelfe ambiciouſly abuſe:
The Gentleman vngentlenes refuſe:
The ryche, and poore: and euery one may ſee,
VVhich way to loue and lyue in his degree.

Me thinkes they might beware by others harme,
And eke eſchue to clamer vp ſo hye:
Yet curſed pride doth all their wittes becharme,
They thinke of naught, but prouerbes true do trie:
VVho hewes aloft the chips may hurte his eye:
VVho climes the tops of trees, wher bowes ar ſmal,
Or hawty towres, may quickly catch a fall.

This thing full well doth Phaëtons fall declare,
And Icarus aloft would flie and ſoare:
Eke Bladud once of Britayne rule that bare,
VVould clyme and flye, but eache did fal therfore.
For Phaëton was with lightning all to tore:
And Icarus the meane that did not recke
VVas drownde, by fal did Bladud breake his neck.

The ſcriptures eake, of ſuch beare witnes can:
As Babilon for high preſumption fell.
But let mee ende my tale that I began
VVhen I had red theſe Tragœdies full vvell
And paſte the night vvith labours long to tell:
One night at laſte I thought to leaue my vſe,
And take ſome eaſe before I chaungde my muſe.

VVherfore a vvay from reading I me gate:
My heauy head vvaxte dull for vvant of reſte.
I layde me dovvne the night vvas vvaxed late,
For lacke of ſlepe myne eyes vvere ſore oppreſte,
Yet fanſy ſtill of all their deathes increaſte:
Me thoughte nothing my minde from them could take
So long as Somnus ſuffered me to vvake.

The Authours induction.

Then ſtraight appeard in purple colour blacke,
Sweete Somnus reſte, which comfortes eche aliue,
By eaſe of mynde that weares away all wracke,
That noyſome night from wery wittes doth driue,
Of labours long the pleaſures wee atchiue,
VVherat I ioyde ſithe after paynes were paſt,
I might receiue by Somnus eaſe at laſt.

But hee by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt,
Reuiued all my fancies fonde before,
I more deſirous humbly did requeſt:
Him ſhewe th'vnhappy princes were of yore,
For well I wiſte that hee could tell mee more,
Sythe vnto diuers Somnus erſte had tolde,
VVhat things were done in elder times of olde.

At length he foorth his ſeruaunt Morpheus calde,
And bad him ſhewe mee from the firſt to th'ende,
Such perſons as in Britayne Fortune thralde.
VVhich ſtraight vpon his calling did attende,
And thus he ſpake with countenaunce of frende,
"Come on thy wayes and thou ſhalt ſee and here,
"The Britaynes and their doings what they were.

And as he led me through the darkes a whyle,
At length we came into a goodly hall,
At th'ende wherof there ſeemde a duſkiſh Ile:
Out of the which he gan the Britaynes call,
Such only as from Fortunes hap did fall:
VVhich when he called thryce, me ſeemde to heare,
The doores to cracke from whence they ſhould apeare.

And thryce I ſhrinkte a ſyde, and ſhunde the ſight:
And three times thrice I wiſhte my ſelfe away:
Eke thriſe from thence there flew a flaſhe of light:
Three times I ſawe them cõming make their ſtay:
At laſte they all approtchte in ſuch aray:
VVith ſundry ſhewes, appearing vnto mee,
A ſtraunger ſighte then erſte with eyes I ſee.

Men mighty bigge, in playne and ſtraunge atyre:
But ſome with woũdes and bloud were ſo diſguiſde,
You ſcarcely could with reaſons ayde aſpyre,
To knowe what warre ſuche cruell death deuyſde.
But ſithe I haue their formes beneath compriſde,
VVheras their ſtories ſeuerally I ſhowe:
Your ſelfe therby their cauſe of death may knowe.

And eke their faces all and bodies were
Deſtainde with woade, and turkiſh berds they had,
On th'ouer lippes moutchatoes long of heyre:
And wylde they ſeemde as men diſpeyring mad.
Their lookes did make my fearfull harte full ſad,
And yet I could not for my life eſchewe
Their preſence: or their myndes I likewyſe knewe.

For Morpheus wylde me byde, and bad them tell
Their names, and lyues: their haps, and haples days:
And by what meanes from Fortunes globe they fel,
VVhich did them erſte vnto ſuch honours rayſe.
VVherwith the firſt not making moe delayes,
A perſone tall wyde woundes in breſte that bare:
Drewe nere to tell the cauſe of all his care.

The Authours induction.

And as to ſpeake he wiſte he might be bolde,
Depe from his breſte, he threwe an vnked ſounde:
I was amaſde his geſtures to beholde:
And bloud that freſhly trickled from his wounde:
VVith Ecco ſo did halfe his wordes rebounde,
That ſcarce at firſt the ſence might well appeare:
But thus me thought he ſpake as you ſhall heare.

Albanacte the yongeſt ſonne of Brutus, telles of the finding of this lande, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. He liued about the yeare before Chriſte. 1074.

SIthe flattering Fortune ſlyely could beguyle
Me firſt, of all the Princes of this lande:
And yet at firſte on me did ſweetely ſmyle:
Do marke me here that firſte in preſence ſtande,
And when thou wel my woũded corps haſt ſcande
Then ſhalt thou ſee, what tale I mynde to frame,
In ſtories called Albanacte by name.

So if thou liſte to heare what I reſite,
If thou intende to ſhowe my fatall fall:
I praye thee take the paynes my tale to wryte,
As I in order here repeate it ſhall,
What nedſte thou muſe? thou nedſt not feare at al:
Sythe thoſe that later liude their tales haue tolde,
Our elder liues to wryte thou mayſt be bolde.

Lay dreade aſide, let nothing thee amaſe:
Ne haue diſpaire of ſo vncouched ryme.
Leaue of on mee with fearfull lookes to gaſe:
Thy pen may ſerue for ſuch a tale as myne.
Firſt will I tell thee all my fathers Lyne:
Then hitherwarde why he with Troianes mande
His voyadge made and founde this noble lande.

And last I minde to tell the of my selfe,
My life and death, a Tragedye so true,
As may approue your woꝛld is all but pelfe,
And pleasures sweete whom soꝛrowes aye ensue:
Hereafter eke in oꝛder comis a true,
Which can declare, of woꝛldly pleasures vaine,
The pꝛice we all haue bought, with greeuous paine.

Well now I see thou putst apart thy fright,
(And giuste an eare to heare not heard befoꝛe)
I will declare the stoꝛye all so right,
Thou shalt no whit haue needet inquyꝛe no moꝛe.
Do marke me well what I resite therefoꝛe,
And after wꝛite it and therewith my name:
Let hardly mee receyue if ought be blame.

When Troy was sackt, and brent & could not stand,
AEneas fled from thence Anchises sonne,
And came at length to king Latinus lande,
He Turnus slewe, Lauinia eke he wonne,
And reignde 3. yeares, Ascanius then his sonne
Reignde next to him, eke Siluius was his heyꝛe,
Begate my father of a Ladye fayꝛe.

But when as Brutus fiftene yeares was olde,
(Foꝛ so they calde my father by his name)
With Siluius then an hunting goe he would,
And thinking foꝛ to strike in chace the game,
His father that by chaunce beyonde it came
Receiude the glaunce, and thꝛough his tender syde
With deadly dint, the shaft did swiftly slyde.

So though

So thoughe by chaunce, my father Brutus slewe
My graundsyre Siluius, sore against his will:
Which came by chaunce as he his arow drewe,
That thought the fearefull Harte, not him to kill:
Yet was he banisht from Italia still:
Commaunded neuer to retourne no more,
Excepte he would his life to leese therefore.

On this to Greece, from thence he toke his waye:
Where Troians were by Grecians captiues kept.
Helenus was by Pirrhus brought awaye,
Frō death of those, whose fall their frends bewept.
My father all this while no busines slepte:
But by his facts, and feats obtainde such fame:
Seuen Thousande captiue Troians to him came.

Asaracus a noble Greecian eke,
Who by his mother came of Troiane race:
Because he sawe my fathers powre not weke,
Came vnto him to ayde him in this case:
For that his brother thought him to deface,
Which was a Greeke by both his parents sydes,
His Castels three my father Brutus guides.

Thus hee, to be their captaine was content:
And all the Troians gathered to his bande,
Hiss poll vnto the Greecian kinge he sent,
For to entreat he might depart his lande.
Which when King Pandrasus did vnderstande,
An armye straight he did therefore addresse,
On purpose all the Troians to suppresse.

Then

Then whyle king Pandraſus at Spartine towne,
Thought them in deſertes by, to circumuente:
My father with three thouſande beate them downe:
Such fauoure loe him lady Fortune lente.
By Mars his force, their rayes & ranckes he rente:
And tooke Antigonus the brother of their king,
With others mo, as captiues home to bring.

The taken towne, from which the king was fled
My father with fyue hundreth men did man:
Eache priſner was vnto his keper led,
To kepe in towne, the noble Troianes wan:
My father vnto woodes conueyde him than
Againe with his, and kepte him there by nighte,
To quayle the Greecians if they came to fighte.

And when the king had calde to mynde his foyle:
His flighte, and brother by the Troianes take:
The towne he loſte, and Brutus had the ſpoyle:
He thought not ſo, the field and fight forſake,
But of his men a muſter newe to make:
And so agayne for to beſiege the towne,
In hope reuenge, or winne his loſte renowne.

By night my father that his purpoſe knewe,
Came forth from woodes wheras he wayted by:
The Troianes all th'vnarmid Greecians ſlewe,
Whēt through their cāpe, could non their force deny,
Unto the tente where Pandraſus did lye:
Wheras my father, tooke their king that night,
And ſaude his life as ſeemde a worthy wight.

which

Which victory when he had wisely won
The Troiane victoure did a counsayle call,
To knowe what beste were with the king be don:
Now tell (q he) what ransom aske we shall?
On which when none agreed scarce of all,
At length the Mempricius vp from seate did rise,
And silence made, gaue thus his counsayle wyse.

cc I cannot Troianes but commend the facte,
cc Of this our noble captaine worthy praise:
cc Which thought, as t'was a wicked heynous acte
cc T'abridge the Grecian king of vitall dayes.
cc Wee rather ought by clemency to rayse
cc Our fame to sky, then by a sauage guyse,
cc Sithe Gods and men, both cruelty despise.

cc The cause we fought: was for the freedome all
cc Of Troianes taken, we haue freedome won.
cc Wee haue our purpose, and their king withall,
cc To whom of rygour nothing ought be don:
cc Though he the quarell with vs first begon:
cc And though we owe the fall of Troies requite:
cc Yet let reuenge therof from Gods to light.

cc His subiectes all, do wayle their ill pretence,
cc And weapons layde aside for mercy cryc:
cc They all confesse their plagues to come from thence,
cc Where first from faith of Gods they seemde to flye.
cc Their nobles dare not come the case to trye:
cc But euen for peace with all their hartes they sue,
cc And meekly graunte whence all their mischiefes grewe.

The

" The lady faire his daughter who surmountes,
" For vertues rare: for bewty braue, and grace:
" Both Heline fine, of whom they made accountes,
" And all the reste that come of Grecian race.
" She for hir father sues bewayles his case,
" And by hir wisoome, chere and parentes loue:
" Doth vs, and Brutus both to pity moue.

" Yet some will saye, he should depriued bee
" Of kingdome quite, and worthy Brutus should
" Receiue the scepter, this misliketh mee.
" To this vniustice Brutus if we could
" Consent (I deme) agree he neuer would,
" So much him selfe ambitiously t'abuse:
" Or else a king vnkindly so to vse.

" For kingdomes sake a king at home to kill
" Were farre to bad, within his native lande:
" Though he by right or wrong directed still,
" His force gainste vs, that did him so withstande:
" The king hath therfore ay the swoorde in hand,
" If any kicke against his poyntes of lawe:
" To cut them of, or kepe them vnder awe.

" Tis best O Brutus if thou like her take
" His daughter Innogen, vnto thy wyfe:
" And let the king a dowry large hir make:
" Golde, syluer, shippes, and corne for our relefe:
" With other things wherof this lande is ryfe:
" That wee so fraughte may seeke some deserte shore,
" Where we and ours, may raigne for euer more.

This

This pleasde both Brutus and the Troianes all
Who wild foorth with that Pandrasus the kyng,
Should reuerently be brought into the hall,
And present, when they tolde him of this thing,
Great griefe and sorowe did his harte so sting,
He could not shewe by countenaunce or cheere,
That he it lykte, but spake as you shall heare.

"Sithe that the hatefull Gods haue yelded mee
"And eke my brother captiues to your handes,
"I am contente to doe as pleaseth yee,
"For feare I leese both life and goodes and landes,
"I muste be nedes content as fortune standes
"I giue my daughter, golde and syluer fyne
"With what for dowry elseyou craue is myne.

To make my tale the shorter if I maye,
My father then was maried by and by,
And all thinges else performed by a daye:
The king restorde that did in prysonlye:
The Troianes parted from the shores pardy
Did hoyse vp sayles: in two dayes and a night
Upon the Isle of Leogece they light.

And leauing of their shippes at roade, to lande
They wandering went the countrey for to vewe,
Lo there a deserte citie olde they fande:
And eke a temple (if reporte be true)
Wherin Diana to suche credit grewe:
That sacrifice the Troianes counsayle gaue
My father make, an aunswere for to haue.

And he

And he no whit misliking their aduice
Went foorth: and did before the alter holde
In his right hand, a cup to sacrifice
Efylde with wyne, and whyte Hyndes bloud scarce colde:
And then before hir stature straight he tolde
Deuoutly all his whole peticion there,
In better sorte then I repeate it here.

"O Goddesse great in groaues that putst, wylde boares in feareful feare:
"And maystc go all the compas pathes, of euery ayrie sphere.
"Eke of th'infernall houses to, resolue the earthly rightes:
"And tell what soumrey in to dwell thou gyuste vs Troiane wightes.
"I assigne a certayne seate where I, shall worshyp thee for aye:
"And where replcate with virgins, I erecte thy temples may.

When nyne tymes he had spoken this, and went
Fowre tymes the alter rounde and stayde agen:
He powred the wyne and bloud in hande he hente
Into the fyre, O witlesse cares of men!
Suche foly mere, and blindnes great was then:
But if religion nowe biddes toyes farewell:
Embrace thats good, the vice of time I tell.

Hee layde him then downe by the alters syde
Upon the whyte Hindes skin espyed therfore:
It was the third howre of the night a tyde
Of sweetest sleepe: he gaue him selfe the more
To reste and sleepe: then seemed him before
Diana chaste the Goddesse to appeare,
And spake to him these wordes that you shall heare.

O Brute

" O Brute farre vnder Phœbus fall, beyonde of Fraunce that raigne:
" In Ilande in the Ocean is, with sea tis compaste mayne.
" In Ilande in the Ocean is, where Giantes once did dwell:
" But now a deserte place thats fit, will serue thy people well.
" To this direct thy race, for there shalbe thy seate for aye:
" And to thy sonnes there shalbe builte, an other stately Troye.
" Here of thy progenye and stocke, shall mighty kinges descende:
" And vnto them as subiecte, all the worlde shall bowe and bende.

On this he woke, with ioyfull chere and tolde
The vision all: and aunswer that it gaue.
So it reioyste their hartes a thousande folde
To shippes they gotte, away the shores they drawe:
And hoysing sayles, for happy wyndes they craue:
In thirty dayes their voyage so they dight:
That on the coaste of Affrica they light.

Then to Philænes alters they atayned,
For so men call two hilles erectid ar
In Tunise lãde, two bretherne ground that gainde.
For Carthage once, and wente tis sayde to far
On Cyren grounde for bounded, there buried wer:
Because they would not turne againe but striue
With Cyren men, they buried them alyue.

From thence they sayled vnto Saliues lake:
Twene Azaræ hilles, and Ruscitadam
They paste, from thence to Maluæ floud they gate:
To Hercules his pillers sight they came:
And then to Tuscan seas wheras by fame
Not far from shore, like minded mates they finde,
Foure banisht races of the Troian kinde.

Compas-

Companions of Antenor in his flighte,
But Corinæus was their captayne than,
For counſayle calde a wyſe and worthy wighte:
In warres the prayſe for valiauntnes he wan.
My father did ſo frendely vſe this man,
He was content and all his men beſyde:
To try aduentures by my fathers guyde.

Then vnto Guynein Fraunce they ſayled thence,
And at the hauen of Loire they did ariue:
To vewe the countrey was their whole pretence,
And vitayles for their men and them atchiue,
Eke Corinæus ieſte the Galles ſhould ſtriue,
Led foorth twoo hundreth of his warlike bande,
To get prouiſion to the chippes from lande.

But when the king Gofarius herde of this,
That Troianes were ariued on his ſhore:
With Frēchemen & with Guines, their power & his
He came to take the pray they gat before,
And when they met they fought it both full ſore:
Till Corinæus ruſhte into their bande,
And cauſde them flye, they durſt no longer ſtande.

Firſt might you there ſeen harts of Frēchmē broke,
Two hundreth Troianes gaue them all the foyle:
At home with odds they durſte not byde the ſtroke,
Fewe Troianes beate them in their natiue ſoyle.
Eke Corinæus folowed in this broyle
So faſte vpon his foes before his men:
That they retournde and thought to ſpoyle him then.

There

There he alone against them all, and they
Against him one, with all their force did fight,
At last by chaunce his sword was flowne away
By Fortune on an halberde then he light,
Which he did driue about him with such might,
That some their hands, & some their arms did leese,
Some legges, of some the head frō shoulders flees.

As thus amongst them all he fought with force,
And Fortune great in daunger of his life,
My father had on him therewith remorce:
Came with a troupe of men to ende the strife,
When Frenchmen sawe the Troians force so rife,
They fled a waye, vnto their losse and paine,
In fight and flight nighe all their host was slaine.

And in that broyle saue Corinæus none
Did fight so fearcely, as did Turnus then,
My fathers cosin with his sworde alone,
Did slay that time welnighe sixe hundreth men:
They found him dead as they retourned agen,
Amongst the Frenchmen, wounded voide of breath.
Which pincht my fathers hart as pangs of death.

On this they bode a whyle reuenge to yelde
And to interre the dead, and Turnus slaine,
They tooke a towne not farre from place of fielde,
And built it strong to vere the Galles againe:
The name they gaue it still doth yet remayne,
Syth there they buried Turnus yet men call
It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

Which towne they left at laſt with Troianes mande
When as their ſhips were ſtorde w̄ what they nede:
A borde, they hoyſte vp ſayles and left the lande,
By ayding windes they cut the ſeas with ſpede.
At lengthe the ſhining Albion clyues did ſeede,
Their gasing eyes, by meanes wherof they fande,
Out Totnes hauen, and tooke this promiſte lande.

The countrie ſemed pleaſaunt at the bewe,
And was by none inhabited as yet:
But certaine Giauntes whom they did purſue,
Which ſtraight to caues in mountaines did thē get,
So fine were woodes, & floudes, and fountaines ſet:
My father had no cauſe but like it well,
And gaue his ſouldiers places in to dwell.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
My father cauſed Britayne called bee:
And eke the people Britaynes of the ſame:
As yet in auncient recordes is to ſee.
To Corinæus gaue he franke and free,
The lande of Cornwall, for his ſeruice don,
And for becauſe, from Giauntes he it won.

Then ſith our Troiane ſtocke came firſt from Troy,
My father thought that dutie did him bynde,
Sithe fortune thus had ſaude him from anoye,
The auncient towne againe to call to minde.
He builte new Troye, and Troian lawes aſſignde,
Wherby his ſtocke to his eternall fame:
Might kepe of Troye the euerlaſting name.

And

And setled there, in perfecte peace and reste,
Deuoyde of warre, of labours, strife or payne:
Then eke my mother, all his ioyes encreaste,
A prince she bare and after other twayne:
Was neuer king, of children erste so fayne,
Three sonnes because of Innogen he gate:
Locrinus, Camber, last me Albanacte.

Thus hauing welthe, and eke the worlde at will,
Nor wanting ought that might his mynde content:
T'increase his power with wightes of warlike skill,
Was all his minde his purpose and intent.
Wherby if foes, inuasion after ment,
The Britaynes might not feare of forayne landes:
But kepe by fight, possessions in their handes.

Then when his people once perceaude his mynde,
(As what the prince doth often moste embrace,
To that the subiectes all are straight inclinde:
And reuerence still, in eache respecte his grace)
They gat in warre such knowledge in short space,
That after they their force to try begon:
They carde for nought by wyt or wight not won.

They got of Giantes moũtaines whence they came,
And woodes frõ whẽce they oft made wise they wold
Destroye and kill, when voyage out they framde
Or shewde them selues, in banding ouer bold:
Then straight the Britaynes, gladder then of gold
Were redy still, to fight at euery call:
Till time they had extincte, the monsters all.

Whereby the king had cause to take delight,
And might be bolde the lesse to feare his foes:
Perdye eche Prince may recke his enmyes spite,
Thereafter as his force in fight he knoes:
A Princely hart the liberall gifts disclose.
He gaue to eche such guerdons for their facts,
As might them onely moue to noble actes.

No labours great his subiects then refuse,
Nor trauailes that might like his regall minde,
But eche of them such exercise well vse,
Wherein was praise or glorye greate to finde:
And to their leidge bare faithful harts so kinde,
That what he wild they all obeyde his hest,
Nought els was currant, but the kings request.

What Prince alive might more reioyce then hee:
Had faithfull men so valiaunt bolde and stout,
What pleasure more on earth could lightly bee:
Then winne an Isle and liue deuoyde of doubt:
An Isle saide I: naye namde the world throughout
An other world, sith Sea doth it deuide
From th'earth, that wants not all ỹ world beside.

What subiects eke more happye were then these:
Had such a king of such a noble hart,
And such a lande enioyde and liude at ease,
Whereof eche man almost might chose his part:
No feare of foes, vnknowen was treasons arte,
No fayning frends, no fawning Gnatoes skill:
No Thrasoes brags, but bearing ech good will.

But as eache Sommer once receaues an ende,
And as no state, can stable stande for aye:
As course of tyme doth cause thinges bowe & bende,
As euery pleasure, hath hir ending daye:
As will, can neuer passe the power of mayer:
Euen so my father happy dayes that spente,
Perceaude he must by sickenesse laste relente.

As doth the shipman well forsee the storme,
And knowes what daunger lyes in spytes of sande:
Eke as the husband man prouides before,
When he perceaues the wynter colde at hande:
Euen so the wise that course of thinges haue scande,
Can well the ende of sickenes great presage,
When it is ioynde with yeares of stooping age.

His counsayle all and we assembled were,
To byd vs hie, or haste there was no neede:
We went with them, this newes vs causeb feare
Sithe so he sent, he was not well in deede,
And when we all approchte to him with spede:
To soone alasse, his grace right sicke we founde,
And him saluted as our duty bounde.

And casting of his doulfull eyes aside,
Not able well to moue his painefull head:
As silent we with teares his minde abyde,
He wild himselfe be reard in his bed:
Which done with sight of vs his eyes he fed,
Eke pawsing so a whyle for breathe he stayde:
At lengthe to them, and vs thus wyse he sayde.

cc No marueyle sure though you, herewith be sad,
cc You noble Britaynes, for your Brutus sake:
cc Sithe whilome me your captaine stout you had,
cc That nowe my leaue and last farewell must take:
cc Thus nature willes me once an ende to make:
cc And leaue you here behinde, which after mee:
cc Shall come as I departe before you see.

cc You wot wherfore I with the Grecians foughte,
cc With dinte of sworde I made their force to flye:
cc Antenors frendes on Tuscane shores I soughte,
cc And did you not my promiste lande denye.
cc By Martiall powre I made the Frenchemen flye,
cc Where you to saue I loste my faithfull frende:
cc For you, at Tours my Turnus tooke his ende.

cc I neede not now, reuiue what loue I bare,
cc My frendship you I truste haue founde so well:
cc That none emongste you all which present are,
cc With teares doth not recorde the tale I tell.
cc Eke whom I founde for vertues to excell,
cc To them I gaue the price therof as dewe:
cc As they deserude, whose factes I founde so true.

cc Nowe must I proue, if paynes were well bestowde,
cc Or if I spente my gratefull giftes in vayne:
cc Or if these great good turnes to you I owde,
cc And might not aske your loyall loues agayne.
cc Which if I wist what tonge could tell my payne,
cc I meane if your vngratefull mindes do beare:
cc What meaneth death, to let me linger here.

For

cc For if you shall abuse your prince in this,
cc The Goddes on you for such an heynous facte:
cc To take reuenge be sure will neuer misse:
cc And then to late you will repente the acte,
cc When all my realme and all your welthes are sacte,
cc But if you shall as you begon procede:
cc Of kingdomes fall or foes there is no dreede.

cc And to auoyde contention that may fall,
cc Because I wishe this realme the Britaynes still:
cc Therfore I will declare before you all,
cc Sithe you are come, my whole intent and will.
cc Which if you kepe, and wreste it not to ill,
cc There is no doubte, but euermore with fame:
cc You shall enioye the Britaynes realme and name.

cc You see my sonnes, that after me must raigne,
cc Whom you or this haue liekte and counsayde well:
cc You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,
cc Which way they might all vices vile expell:
cc Which way they might in vertues great excell:
cc Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
cc You shall discharge the truste repose in you.

cc Be you their fathers, with your counsayle wise,
cc And you my children take them euen as mee.
cc Be you their guydes, in what you can deuise:
cc And let their good instructions teache you three,
cc Be faithfull all, as brethren ought agree:
cc For concorde kepes a realme, in stable staye:
cc But discorde bringes all kingdomes to decaye.

" Recorde to this mine eldeſt ſonne I giue,
" This midle parte of realme to holde his owne:
" And to his heyres that after him ſhall lyue,
" Alſo to Camber that his parte be knowne,
" I giue that lande that lies welnighe ouergrowne:
" With woodes Northweſt & mountaynes mighty hie,
" Twene this and that, the Stutiæ ſtreame doth lye.

" And vnto the my yongeſt ſonne that arte,
" Wyne Albanacte I giue to thee likewiſe:
" As muche to be for thee and thine a parte,
" As North the beyonde the arme of ſea there lyes.
" Of which loe here, a map before your eyes,
" Lo here my ſonnes my kingdome all you haue:
" For which I nought, but this remember craue.

" Firſte that you take theſe fathers graue for mee,
" Imbrace their counſaile euen as it were myne:
" Next that betwene your ſelues you will agree,
" And neuer one at others welthe repine:
" See that ye byde ſtill bounde with frendly lyne,
" And laſte my ſubiectes, with ſuch loue retayne:
" As long they may your ſubiectes eke remayne.

" Lo nowe I fele my breath beginnes to fayle,
" My time is come, giue eche to me your hande,
" Farewell, farewell, to mourne will not preuayle:
" I ſee with knife where Atropos doth ſtande,
" Farewell my frendes, my children and my lande,
" And farewell all my ſubiectes, farewell breathe,
" Farewell ten thouſand tymes, and welcome deathe.

And euen with that he turnde, himselfe a syde,
And gasped thryse, and gaue away the ghost:
Then all at once with mourning voyce they cryde.
And all his subiects eke, from left to most
Lamenting fild with wayling teares ech coast:
Perdy the Britaynes all, with one assent:
Did for their king, full doulfully lament.

But what auayles, to strine against the tyde:
Or els to sayle, against the streame and winde:
What booteth it against the clyues to ryde:
Or els to worke against the course of kinde:
Sith nature hath the ende of thinges assinde,
There is no nay, we must perforce departe:
Gainst dint of death, there is no ease by arte.

As custome wild wee funerals prepardе,
And al w̄ mourning cloathes, and there did come:
To laye this king on Beere we had regarde,
In Royal sort, as did his corps become,
His Herce prepard, we brought him to his tombe,
At Troynouant, he built where he did dye,
Was he entombde: his Royal corps doth lye.

Thus raignd ẏ worthy king, that found this land
Wy father Brutus, of the Troian blood:
And thus he dyed when he fulwell had mande,
This noble Realme with Britaynes fearce and good:
And so a while in stable state it stoode,
Till hee deuided had, this realme in three,
And I to soone, receiude my part to mee.

Then

Then straight through all the world gan fame to flye,
A monster swifter none is vnder son:
Encreasing, as in waters wee descrye,
The cyrcles small, of nothing that begon.
Which at the length, vnto such breadth do come,
That of a drop which from the skyes doth fall:
The cyrcles spread, and hide the waters all.

So Fame in flight increaseth more and more,
For at the first she is not scarcely knowne:
But by, and by, she flits from shore to shore:
To cloudes from th'earth her stature straight is growne,
There what soeuer by her trompe is blowne:
The sound that both by sea, and land out flyes,
Rebounded againe, and verberats the skyes.

They say the earth, that first the giaunts bred,
For anger that the Gods did them dispatche,
Brought forth this sister, of those monsters dead:
Full light of foote swift winges the winds to catch:
Such monster erst did Nature neuer hatche:
As manye plumes she hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them vnder watche or moe.

And tongues do speake, so many eares do harke,
By night twene heauen, she flyes and earthly shade:
And shreaking takes no quiet sleepe by darke.
On houses rowfes, or towres as keeper made
She sittes by day, and Cities threats t'inuade.
And as she telles, what thinges she sees by vewe:
She rather shewes thats fained false, then true.

This Fame declarde, that euen a people ſmall,
Had landed here: and found this pleaſaunt Ile,
And how that now it was deuided all
Into three parts, and might within a while
Be won, by force, by treaſon, fraude or guile:
Wherefore ſhe moues her frends, to make aſſay,
To win the price, and beare our pompe away.

A thouſand thinges beſide, ſhe bruites and telles,
And makes the moſt of euery thing ſhe beares:
Long time of vs ſhe talkes and nothinge els,
Eke what ſhee ſeeth, abroade in haſt ſhe beares.
With tatling topes and tickleth ſo their eares,
That needes they muſt to flattering Fame aſſent:
Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By Eaſt from hence, a countrey large doth lye,
Vngaria eke of Hunnes it hath to name,
And hath Danubius floud on South it by,
Deuiding quite from Auſtria the ſame:
From thence a king was named Humber came:
On coaſtes of Albanie. did he ariue,
In hope this lande of Britaine to achiue.

Which when by poſtes of ſubiects I did heare,
How enmies were ariued on my ſhore:
I gathered all my ſouldiers voyde of feare,
And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.
But in this battaile was I hurt ſo ſore,
That in the field of wounds I had I dyde.
And left my men as flockes without a guide.

Such

Such was my fate, to venture on so bolde,
My rashnes was the cause of all my woe:
Such is of all our glorye vaine the hope,
So soone we pompe and pleasures all forgoe:
So quickly are we reft our kingdomes froe:
And such is all the caste of Fortunes playe,
When lest we thincke, to cut vs quite awaye.

I demde my selfe an heauenly happie wight,
When once I had my part to raigne within,
But see the chaunce what hap did after light:
Or I could scace t'enioy my glee begin:
A Hunne did seeke, from me my realme to win:
And had his will O flatering Fortune fye,
What meanst thou thus to worke with Princes frye.

You worthy warriours, learne by mee beware,
Let wisedome worke, lay rashnes al apart:
When as with enmyes you encountred are,
You must endeuour, all your skilfull art:
By witty wyles, with force to make your mart:
Wit nought auailes, late bought with care and cost,
If you repent when life and labours lost.

FINIS.

The

The Authour.

WYth that the vvounded Prince departed quite,
From ſight he ſlinckte, I ſavv his ſhade no more,
But Morpheus bade remember this to vvrite,
And therevvithall preſented mee before,
A vvight vvet dropping from the vvaters ſhore
In Princely vveede, but like a vvarlike man,
And thus mee thought his ſtory he began.

Humber the king of Hunnes

ſhewes how he minding to conquere this land vvas drowned. &c. He liued about the yeare before Chriſt. 1074.

THough yet no foraine Princes in this place,
Haue come to tell their hapleſſe great miſhap:
Yet giue me leaue a while to pleade my caſe,
And ſhewe howe I ſlipt out of Fortunes lap:
Perchaunce ſome others will eſchewe the trap
Wherein I fell, and both themſelues beware,
And alſo ſeeke the leſſe thy countreys care.

I am that Humber kinge of Hunnes that came
To win this Iſlande, from the Britaynes fell:
Was drownde in Humber where I left my name.
A iuſt reward for him that liude ſo well
At home, and yet thought others to expell,
Both from their Realme and right: O filthy fye
On ſuch ambition earſt as vſed I.

But

But I must blame repoꝛt, the chiefest cauſe
Of my decaye: beware of raſhe repoꝛt:
Tis wiſedome firſt to take a while ſome pauſe,
Befoꝛe to dint of daungers you reſoꝛt:
Leaſt when you come in haſt to ſcale the foꝛt:
By raſhe aſſault ſome engin, ſhaft, oꝛ fyꝛe
Diſpatcht you quite, oꝛ make you ſoone retyꝛe.

Foꝛ vnto mee the rumoꝛs daily flewe,
That here a noble Ilande might be won:
The king was dead: no warres the people knewe,
And eke themſelues to ſtriue at home begon.
It were (quoth I) a noble acte well don,
To win it then: and there withall did make
Pꝛouiſion good, this famous Ile to take.

A war like regall campe pꝛouided was,
And ſhipps, and vitaile foꝛ my Hunnes and mee:
By ſea to Britaine conqueſt foꝛ to paſſe,
If Gods thereto and heauenly ſtarres agree:
At length wee came to ſhoꝛes of Albanie,
And there to fight with Britaynes pitcht our fields:
In hope to make them flinche, flye, fall oꝛ yeelde.

They met vs, longe we fearcely faught it out,
And doubtful was the victours part of twaine,
Till with my Hunnes I ruſhe amonge the route,
And faught, till that king Albanact was ſlaine.
Then they to yeeld and pardon craue were faine,
And I with triumphes great receiude the pray:
And marched foꝛward, fleſhe with ſuch a fray.

I paſt an arme of Sea, that would to God
I neuer had bin halfe ſo bold at furſt:
I made to beate my ſelfe withall a rod,
When ſo within their Realme I venture durſt:
But marke my tale thou hearſt not yet the woꝛſt.
As ſure I thought the reſt to circumuent:
By ſpyes beforе, they knew my whole intent.

And oꝛ I wiſte, when I was come to lande:
Not farre from ſhoꝛe, two Pꝛinces were pꝛeparde,
Their ſcoutes conueyde away my ſhipps they fand,
And of my ſhipmens fleſhe they nothing ſparde,
To reſcue which, as backe againe I farde:
The armyes twaine were at my heeles behinde
So cloſde me in, I wiſt no waye to winde.

On th'eaſt Locrinus with an armye great:
By Weſt was Camber with an other bande:
By Noꝛth an arme of Sea the ſhooꝛes did beate,
Which compaſt mee and mine within their lande:
No way to ſcape was there, but water fande,
Which I muſt taſte oꝛ els the ſwoꝛds of thoſe,
Which were to mee and mine full deadly foes.

So when I ſawe the beſt of all mine hoſte,
Beate downe with bats, ſhot, ſlaine oꝛ foꝛſt to ſwim:
My ſelfe was faine likewiſe to flye the coaſt,
And with the reſt the waters entred in.
A ſimple ſhift foꝛ Pꝛinces to begin:
Yet far I deemde it better ſo to dye,
Then at mine enmyes foote an abiecte lye.

But when

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The Britaynes that before my ships had gate,
Gan watche mee, where amidst the surge I was:
Than with my boates they rowde to me alas,
And all they cryde kepe Humber kepe their king:
That to our Prince we may the traytour bring.

So with my boates beset poore Humber I
Wiste no refuge: my werye armes did ake:
My breath was short: I had no powre to crye,
Or place to stand while I my plaint might make:
The water cold made all my ioyntes to shake:
My hart did beate with sorrow, griefe and paine:
And downe my cheekes, salt teares they gusht amaine.

O must thou yelde, and shall thy boates betraye
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercy Britaynes haue:
O would to God I might escape awaye:
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue:
Although my deedes deserue no life to haue,
I will: I nill: death: bondage beast am I
In waters thus, in forraine soyle to dye.

With that I clapt my quauering hands abrode,
And held them vp to heauen, and thus I saide:
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,
And iust reuengment of my rashnes paide,
And of the death of Albanacte betraide
By mee and mine: I yelde my life therefore,
Content to dye, and neuer greeue yee more.

Then

Then ſtraight not opening of my handes, I bowde
My ſelfe, and ſet my head my armes betweene:
And downe I ſprang, with all the force I cowde:
So duckte, that neither head nor foote were ſeene:
And neuer ſawe my foes againe I weene,
There was I drounde the Britaynes to my fame:
Yet call that arme of Sea by Humbers name.

Take heede by mee, let my preſumption ſerue:
And let my folly, fall, and raſhnes bee:
A glaſſe wherein to ſee if thou do ſwerue,
Thou mayſte thy ſelfe perceiue ſomewhat by mee.
Let neither truſt, nor treaſon traine forth thee:
But be content with thine eſtate, ſo ſhall
No wrath of God, procure thy hapleſſe fall.

If thou be forrayne bide within thy ſoyle:
That God hath giuen to thee and thine to holde,
If thou oppreſſion meane beware the foyle:
Beare not thy ſelfe, of thee or thine to bolde:
Or of the feates thy elders did of olde,
For God is iuſt, iniuſtice will not thriue:
He plagues the prowde, preſerues the good aliue.

FINIS.

The Authoure.

THen vaniſhte Humber, and no ſooner gon
VVas he but ſtraight in place before me came.
A princely wight, had complet harnes on,
Though not ſo complet as they now do frame:
He ſeemde ſometime t'aue bene of worthy fame:
In breſte a ſhafte with bleeding wounde he bare,
And thus he tolde the cauſe of all his care.

Locrinus the eldeſt ſonne of Brutus, declareth his ſlaughter to haue happened for his euill life. He died the yeare before Chriſte. 1064.

IF euer any noble pꝛince might rewe,
His factes are paſte, long ſince the ſame may I:
That would to God it were not farre to true,
Or that I iuſtly could my faultes denye:
The truthe of thinges the ende or tyme doth trie,
As well by me is ſeen: my hapleſſe fall,
Declares whence came my greate miſſeꝛtunes all.

I am Locrinus, ſeconde Britayne king:
The eldeſte ſonne of him that founde this lande:
Whoſe death to me my miſchiefes all did bꝛing,
And cauſde why firſt I tooke my death in hande.
He chiefly wylde me when he gaue this lande,
I ſhould be rulde, by all his counſayles will:
And vſe their iudgmentes in my dealings ſtill.

But

But what do I accuse my fathers beste,
What meane I here th'unfauty for to blame?
All he commaunded euen was for the beste:
Though in effecte of beste the worste became.
So thinges ofte times well mente vnfitly frame:
So often times the counsayle of your frende:
Apparent good, fawles faulty in the ende.

For as he wisht I vse his counsayles ayde,
In eache thing that I deemde was good for mee:
I neuer ought that they desirde denayde:
But did to all their mindes and hestes agree.
And Corinæus sawe my harte so free,
By diuers meanes, he sought this match to make:
That to my wife, I might his daughter take.

But I that wiste not then what mariage ment,
Did straight agree his Guendoline to haue:
Yet afterwarde suspecting his intent,
My frendes to me this pointe of counsaile gaue:
That who so doth of Prince aliaunce craue,
He meanes thereby to worke some point of ill,
Or else to frame the prince vnto his will.

It may well be he mente no euill at all,
But wise men alwayes vse to dreade the worste:
And sithe it was, the fountaine of my fall:
From whence the springe of all my sorowes burste,
I may well thinke was some of vs accurste,
For why the ende, doth alwayes proue the facte:
By ende we iudge the meaning of the acte.

I made no haſte, to wed my ſpouſed wyfe:
I wiſte I could as yet without hir byde:
I had not taſted toyes of trayned life:
I deemde them fooles by Cupides darte that died:
I Venus vile and all hir force deſide:
And liude at reſte, and ruld my land ſo well,
That men delighted of my factes to tell.

My brethren eke long weldid well their partes:
We feard no foes, we thought our ſtate would ſtand.
We gaue our ſelues to learned ſkilfull artes:
Wherin we other fruite, or pleaſur fand:
And we enioyde ſo fine a fruitfull land,
That fewe in earth, might with our ſtates compare,
We lyude ſo voyde of noyſome carke, and care.

But ſee the chaunce when leaſt we thought of ill,
When we eſteamde our ſtate to be moſte ſure:
Than came a flawe to bridle all our will,
For ſtraungers far, gan vs to warre procure:
And euen when firſt, they put their pranke in vre,
On Albane ſhores my brother there they ſlewe:
Whoſe death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hopte to winne the reſte,
And ouer Abi ſtreame with haſte did hie:
But I and eke my brother Camber dreſte,
Our armies ſtraight, and came their force to trie:
We brake their rayes, and forſte their king to flie,
Into the arme of Sea they ouer came:
Where Humber drounde ẏ waters tooke his name.

We ether slewe or tooke them captiues all,
Emongst the which O mischiefe great to tell!
The Gods to worke mine ouerthrow and fall
Sent ladies three, whose beauties did excell:
Of which because I liked one so well,
I tooke hir straight, nor she did ought denie:
But eche thing graunted so she might not dye.

Thus Humber we this hatefull hungery king,
In Humber drenshte: and him depriude of pride:
And of his loftie ladies he did bring,
Pe loste the praye: and all his men beside.
And we the spoiles of all his boaste deuide,
But I that thought, I had the greatest share:
Had caught the cause of all my wofull care.

They calde this lady Elstride whome I tooke,
Whose bewty braue did so my wittes confounde:
That for hir sake my promise I forsooke,
Wherby I was to Gwendoline first bounde.
We thought no lady went on earthely grounde
That might alure me, euer chaunge my minde:
So was I caught by snares of Cupide blynde.

Was neuer none before so likte mine eye,
I loude hir more then I coulde loue my life:
Hir absence still me thought did cause me die.
I surely mente to take hir to my wife.
But see howe beauty breadeth deadly strife,
Lo here began my whole confusion here:
Sprang out ꝑ shaft frō which this wounde I beare.

For Corinæus had no soner heard,
That I did meane his daughter to forsake:
But straight as one, that did nought else regarde,
In haste his voyage towardes me did take:
And come, declarde what promise I did make,
From whiche he saide if once I sought to stirre:
It should by dinte of sworde, and bloud be tride.

But if I would hir take, as erste I sayde,
And not this straunger choose against his minde:
His helpe he promiste at eache time, and ayde
To be so redy, as I wishte to finde:
He furder sayde my contrey did me bynde,
To take such one as all my subiectes knewe:
Sithe straungers to their foes are neuer true.

I wayde his wordes, and thought he wishte me wel:
But yet because his stocke should gaine therby,
I reckte them lesse: and yet the truthe to tell,
I durste not dare my promise made denye:
For well I wiste, if once it came to trye:
It would both weaken all this noble lande,
And doubtfull be, who should ha th'upper hande.

Thus nedes perforce I must his daughter take,
And must leaue of, to loue where I delighte:
I was constrainde contentid to forsake:
The forme that moste did captiuate my sighte,
What lucke had I on such a lote to lighte:
What ment you Goddes that me such fortune gaue,
To caste my minde on hir I might not haue.

To shorte my tale, his Guendoline I tooke,
I was contente against my will: what then?
More quite for this, myne Elstride I forsoke:
For why, I wrought by skill of cunning men,
A vaulte along vnder the grounde a denne:
Hir companie wherin I vsed still,
There we accomplisht, our vnhappy will.

There I begat my Sabrine selv childe,
That virgine small, myne Elstride bare to mee:
Thus I my wife full often did beguilde,
Which afterwarde did beare a sonne to mee,
Namde Madan: yet we neuer could agree,
And he that was the cause, she was my bane:
This whyle hir father Corinæus dyde.

Which when I hearde, I had my hartes desire:
I craude no more, there was my ende of griefe.
At leste I thought to quenche Cupidoes fire,
And eke to worke my lusting loues relefe:
I mente no more to steale it like a thiefe:
But maried Elstride, whom I loude as lyfe,
And for hir sake, I put away my wyfe.

Likewise I cauſde was Elstride queene proclaimde:
And tooke hir as my lawfull wyfe by right,
But Gwendoline that sawe hir selfe disdaimde,
Straight fled, and moude the Cornishe men to fight,
To them, when she declarde hir pitious plighte:
In haste they reste an army for to bee,
Reuengers of my newe made queene and mee.

And I lyke wise an armie did prepare,
I thoughte to quaile, their courage all by force:
But to my coste I founde to late beware,
There is no strengthe in armoure, man or horse,
Can vaple, if Ioue on wronged take remorce:
For he on whom the deadly darte doth lighte,
Can neuer scape: by ransome, frende or flighte.

So when our armies met nighe Stura streame,
The trompettes blewe and I denide the peace:
I minded to expell them all the realme,
Or else to make them euer after cease:
And they except I Elstride would release,
(They sayde) and take my Gwendolineagaine:
They would reuenge the wrong, or else be slayne.

On this we met, and valiauntly we foughte,
On eather side, and nether parte did yelde:
So equaly they fell, it was great doubte,
Which part should haue the better of the fielde:
But I to bolde, rushte in with sworde and sheelde
To breake their rayes, so hasty men get smarte:
An arrowe came, and stroke me to the harte.

Then was I brought to Troynouant and there,
My body was enterrid as you reade:
When I had raigned all out twenty yere,
Lo thus I liude, and thus became I deade:
Thus was my crowne depriued from my heade,
And all my pompe, my princely troupe and trayne,
And I to earth, and dulle resolude agayne.

Newe

# of Elſtride.

Now warne eſtates, let this for wedlocke ſerue,
Beware of chaunge it will not holde out longe,
For who ſo mindeth from his make to ſwerue:
Shal ſure at length, receiue reuenge for wrong:
Tis foly fight with God, h'is farre to ſtronge:
For though ye colour all, with coate of righte:
Yet can no fained farde, deceiue his ſighte.

Finis.

The Authour.

With that this king, vvas vaniſht quite and gone:
And as a miſte, diſſolued into ayre:
And I vvas left, vvith Morpheu all alone:
VVho repreſented ſtraigt a Lady fayre:
Of frendes depriude, and left in deepe diſpaire,
As eke ſhe ſpake, all vvet in cordes faſt bounde:
Thus tolde ſhe hovv, ſhe vvas in vvaters drounde.

Elſtride the concubine of Locrinus myſerably drowned by Gwendoline his vvyfe, declares her preſumption, lewde life and infortunate fall. She ſuffered before Chriſte. 1064.

AND muſt I needes my ſelfe reſite my fall
Poore woman I: muſt I declare my fate:
Muſt I the firſt ſaue three amongſte vs all,
Shew how I thrise, fell from my Princely ſtate:
And from the loftye ſeate on which I ſate;
If needes I muſt, then well content I will:
Left here my place in vaine I ſeeme to fill.

I am

.ſtride, whom Locrinus loude,
. his daughter came frō Germaines land:
.me of beauty many Princes moude,
, ſue for grace, and fauour at my hand.
Which bruite once blowne abroad in euery land,
One Humber king of Hunnes with al his traine:
To come to mee, a ſuiter was full faine.

What neede I tell, the giftes to mee he gaue,
Or ſhew his ſuite or promiſe he me plight,
Sith wel you know a Prince nede nothing craue:
May nigh cōmaund ech thing as twere his right.
For as the fowle before the Eagles sight
Euen ſo we fall, ſubmit and yeld vs ſtill,
At Prince his call, obeyſaunt to his will.

And for that time the Hunnes full mighty were,
And did increaſe, by martiall feates of warre:
Therefore our Germaine kings agaſte did beare,
Them greater fauour then was neede by farre.
My father durſt not Humbers heſt debarre,
Nor I my ſelfe, I rather was content:
In hope of crowne with Humber to conſent.

Two Princely Dames with me came then away,
He bragde to winne theſe country partes all three,
We Ladies rather was this Prince his pray:
Becauſe he promiſt that we Queenes ſhould bee.
We came to coſte theſe country coaſts to ſee,
Sith he on whom our hope did wholy ſtande:
Was drownd, namde Humber waters, loſt the lande.

For

For as you heard before when he ſuppoſde,
He had wonne all because he won a part:
Straight way he was againe thereof depoſde,
Conſtrainde to flye, and ſwim for life poore hart:
Loe here the cauſe, of all my douleful ſmarte,
This noble king with whom I came to raigne:
Was drenſht, & drownde vnto my greuous paine.

Then were his ſouldiers taken, ſlaine or ſpoilde,
And wel were they, that could make ſuite for life:
Was neuer ſuch an armye sooner foilde:
O wofull warre, that flowſte in floudes of ſtrife!
And carſt not whom thou cutſte with cruell knife!
Or had not Venus fraught my face with hewe,
I had no longer liude, my forme to rewe.

For as I came a captiue with the reſte,
My countenaunce did ſhewe as braue as Sunne:
Ech one that ſawe my native hewe were preſte,
To yelde themſelues by beames of beauty won:
My fame ſtraight blowne to gaze on mee they ron,
And ſaid I paſſe eche worldly wight as farre:
As Phœbus bright excelles the morning ſtarre.

Like as you ſee in darkes if light appeare,
Straight way to that ech man directes his eye:
Euen ſo amongſt my captiue mates that were:
When I did ſpeake, or make my plaints with cry,
Then all on mee they ſtared by and by:
Bemoning of my fates, and Fortune ſoe,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

My

My fourme did praise my plea, my sighes they suide,
My teares entiste their hartes some ruth to take:
My sobbes in sight, a seemely hewe renewde:
My wringing hands, wan suiters shift to make:
My sober southes did cause them for my sake:
Mee to commende, vnto their noble kinge,
Who wilde they should me into presence bringe.

Which when I came in cordes as captiue bounde,
O King (quoth I) whose power we feele to strong:
O worthy wighte, whose Fame to skyes doth sounde:
Do pitie me, that neuer wichte the wronge:
Release mee one thy captiues all amonge:
Which from my frends, by fraude am brought away,
A Prince his daughter, drounde in deepe decaye.

Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe of might,
And maist do more then I do dare desire:
Let me (O Kinge) finde fauour in thy sighe,
Aswage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire:
No part of manhode tis for to require:
A Ladyes death thee neuer did offende,
Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this ende.

But let me rather safely be conuaide,
O gracious king, once home before I dye:
Or let me on thy Queene, be wayting maide.
If it may please thy royal maiestye:
Or let me raunsome paye, for libertye:
But if thou minde reuenge of vnwrought ill,
Why spare you Britaynes this my corps to kill:

Which

With that the king: good Lady fayre what isse
Thou canst desire or aske, but must obtaine?
Eke would to God with all my hart I wisse,
Best waye to ease thee of thy wofull paine:
But if thou wilt do here with mee remaine,
If not content, conductours shalt thou haue,
To bring thee home, and what thou els wilt craue.

As for my Queene, as yet I none posselle,
Therefore thou rather maisse bouchsafe to take
That place thy selfe: then waite on her I gesse,
Whose beautye with thy face no match can make:
The Gods denye that I thy heste forsake,
I saue thy life, eke God forbid that I,
Should euer cause so fayre a Ladye dye.

O King (quoth I) the Gods preserue thy grace,
The heauens requite thy mercy shewde to mee,
And all the starres, direct thy regall race
In happye course, long length of yeares to see:
The earth with fertile fruites inriche so thee:
That thou maist still like Justice her dispose,
And euer more treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble king commaunded to vnbinde,
Mine armes, and let mee lewce, and free at will,
And afterward such fauour did I finde
That as his Queene I was at elbow still:
And I enioyde all pleasures at my fill:
So that they quite had quenched out my thrall,
And I forgate my former Fortunes all.

Thus

Thus Io by fauoure I obtainde my suite,
So had my beauty set his brest on fire,
That I could make Locrinus euen as mute,
Or pleasaunt as my causes did require:
And when I knewe he could no way retyre:
I praide he would his fauour so extende,
As I might not be blamed in the ende.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you haue constant beene:
Then let your loue likewise againe be showne,
And wed me as you said your spouse and Queene:
If since in mee misliking you haue seene:
Then best depart betime before defame,
Begin to take from Elstride her good name.

No wauering hart (said he) Locrinus beares,
No fayned flattery shall thy fayth deface:
Thy beauty, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares
Constraine mee both, thee and thy hestes imbrace:
I must of force, giue thy requestes a place,
For as they do with reason good consent,
Euen so I graunt thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,
In which I should be wedded to this kinge,
But in this case, his counsaile causde a staye,
And sought out meanes at discord vs to bringe:
Eke Cornæus claimde a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accorde,
Betweene his daughter, and my soueraigne Lorde.

And yet

And yet the King did giue me comfort ſtill,
He ſaid he could not ſo forſake my loue,
Yet euermore would beare me all good will:
As both my beauty and deſertes did moue:
But ſtill the ende doth who is fauty proue,
His counſaile at the laſt did him conſtraine
To marry her, vnto my greeuous paine.

At which I coulde not but with hate repine,
It vexed mee, his mate that ſhould haue beene,
To liue in hate, a prince his concubine
That euer had ſuch hope to be his Queene.
The ſteppes of ſtate are full of wo and teene,
For when wee thincke we haue atainde the throne:
Then ſtraight our pōpe & pride is quite orethrone.

Lo twiſe I fell from hope of Princely crowne,
Firſt when vnhappy Humber loſt his life,
And next I laide my peacockes pride adowne,
When as I could not be Locrinus wife:
But oft they ſay the thirde doth ende the ſtrife,
Which I haue proude: therefore the ſequel bewe
The third payes home, this prouerde is to true.

This kinge could not refraine his former minde,
But vſde me ſtill, and I my doubtfull yeares
Did linger on, I knew no ſhift to finde,
But paſt the time full oft with mourning teares.
A concubine is neuer voyde of feares,
For if the wyfe her at aduauntage take:
In rauge reuenge with death ſhe ſeekes to make.

Likewise I wisse if once I sought to flye,
Or to entreate the kinge depart I might,
Then would he straight be discontent with mee,
Yea if I were pursued vpon the flight,
Or came deflourde into my parents sighte:
I should be taken, kept perforce, or slaine:
Or in my country liue in great disdaine.

In such a plight, what might a woman doe,
Was euer Lady foyre, in such a case?
O wretched wight bewrapt in webbes of woe!
That still in dread wast tost from place to place,
And neuer foundest meane to ende thy race:
But still in doubt of death, in carking care,
Diost liue a life deuoyde of all welfare.

The king perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To ease my hart withall deuisde deceats,
By secrete wayes I came deuoyde of feare,
In vaultes, by cunning Masons crafty feats:
Whereas wee safely from the Queene her threats,
Perdy the King and I so vsde our arte,
As after turnde vs both to paine and smarte.

By him I had my Sabrine small my childe,
And after that his wife her father losse,
I meane he dyed and she was straight exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and coste:
For she went downe to Cornevval straight in poste,
And caused all her fathers men to ryse,
With all the force, and strengthe they might deuyse.

My king and hirs, with me, gainſt hir preparde
An army ſtrong: but when they came to fighte,
Dame Guendoline did war at length to harde:
And of our king vs both depoſed quite,
For from hir campe an arrowe ſharpe did lighte
Upon his breſte, and made him leaue his breath:
Lo thus this king came by vntimely death.

Then I to late, began in vayne to flye,
And taken was preſented to the queene,
Who me behelde with cruell tigres eye,
« O queene (q ſhe) that cauſe of warres haſte bene
« And deadly hate, the like was neuer ſeene:
« Come on for theſe my handes ſhall ridde thy life,
« And take reuengement of our mortall ſtrife.

« I longed long to bring thee to this baye,
« And thou likewyſe haſt ſought to ſucke my bloud.
« Nowe arte thou taken, in my ſpoyles a praye,
« That cauſde my life full long in daunger ſtoode:
« I wyll both teache thy ſelfe, and others good
« To breake the bandes of faithfull wedlocke plighte,
« And giue thee that which thou deſeruidſte right.

« O harlote whore, why ſhould I ſtay my handes?
« O painted picture, ſhall thy lookes thee ſaue?
« Nay bynde hir faſte both hande and foote in bandes,
« And let hir ſome ſtraunge kinde of tormentes haue.
« What ſtrōpet ſtues, thinkſte for thou ſeemiſt braue?
« Or for thy teares, or ſighes, to ſcape my ſight?
« My ſelfe will rather vanquiſhe thee by fight.

" Thou rather shouldste my vitall breath depriue,
" Then euer scape if none were here but wee,
" But now I will not file my handes to striue,
" Or else to touche so vile a drabe as shee.
" Come on at once, and bring hir after mee,
" With hande and feete as I commaunded bounde:
" And let me see, hir here as Humber drounde.

A thousand things beside, she spake in rage,
While that a captike did with cordes me binde,
No teares, nor sobbes, nor sighes might oughte aswage
The gelous queene, or moltifie hir mynde.
Occasions still hir franticke head did finde,
And when shee spake, hir eyes did leame as fire:
Shee lookte as pale as chalke with wrathfull Ire.

Me stoode she still but with hir handes on syde,
Walkte vp and down, & ofte hir palmes she stroke.
" My husbande nowe (q she) had not thus dyde:
" If such an harlote, whore he had not tooke,
And there withall shee gaue me such a looke,
" As made me quake, what lettes (q she) my knife,
" To ridde this whore my husbandes second wife:
" If is dead, I liue, and shall I saue hir life?

O queene (q I) if pitie none remayne,
But I be slayne or drounde as Humber was:
Then take thy pleasure by my pinching paine,
And let me hence as thou appointiste passe:
But take some pity on my childe alasse,
Thou knowste the infante made no faulte but hee,
Thats dead and I therfore reuenge on mee.

“ No baſtardes here ſhall liue to diſpoſſeſſe
“ My ſonne (ſhe ſaid) but ſithe thou ſoughtſte fame:
“ I will prouide for hir a kingdome leſſe,
“ Whiche ſhall hereafter euer haue hir name.
“ Thou knowſte wherof the name of Humber came,
“ Euen ſo Sabrina, ſhall this ſtreame be calde:
“ Sithe Sabrine me, as Humber Locrine thralde.

With that my childe was Sabrine brought in ſight,
And when ſhe ſee me take in bandes to lie,
Alaſſe (ſhe cryde) what meanes this pitious plight,
And downe ſhe fell before the queene with crye,
“ O queene (q ſhe) let me more rather dye,
“ Then ſhe thats giltleſſe ſhould, for why thy king
“ Did as his captiue, hir to lewdnes bring.

Which when I ſawe the kindnes of the childe,
It burſt my harte much more then dome of deathe:
Poore little lambe with countinance how milde
She pleaded ſtill, and I for wante of breathe,
With wofull teares, that laye hir feete beneathe
Could not put forth a worde, our liues to ſaue,
Or if therfore I might a kingdome haue.

Hir pitious plaintes, did ſomwhat wrath withdrawe
For as ſhe long behelde the queene with teares:
“ (q ſhe) let me haue rigoure voyde of lawe,
“ In whome the ſigne of all thy wrath appeares,
“ And let me die my fathers face that beares:
“ Sithe he is dead, and we are voyde of ſtaye,
“ Why ſhould I thee, for life or mercy praye.

" My mother may to Germanye retourne,
" Where she was borne, and if it please thy grace,
" And I may well lye in my fathers tombe,
" If thou wilt graunt his childe so good a place.
" But if thou thinke my bloude is farre to base,
" Although I came by both of princly line:
" Then let me haue what shroude thou wilt assigne.

With that the queene replide with milder chere,
And saide the childe was wonders wise and wittie:
But yet shee would not hir reuenge forbeare,
" For why (q she) the prouerbe sayes that pitie,
" Hath leudly lost full many a noble citie.
" Then Elstride now prepare thy selfe therfore
" To die, take leaue, but talke to me no more.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I sayde,
Farewell my countrey, Germanye farewell,
Adewe the place from whence I was conueyde,
Farewell my father, and my frendes there dwell:
My Humber drounde, as I shalbe farewell:
Adew Locrinus dead, for thee I die,
Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleasures paste, farewell, adew,
Adew the cares, and sorowes I haue had,
Farewell my frendes that earst for me did sue.
Adew that were, to saue my life full glad:
Farewell the fauning frendes, I lately had,
And thou my beauty cause of death farewell,
As ofte, as harte can thinke, or tonge can tell.

Adew

Adewe you heauens, my mortall eyes ſhall ſee
No more your lightes, and Planetes all farewell,
And chiefly Venus faire that paintedſte mee,
When Mercurie his tale to me did tell:
Eke afterwardes when Mars with vs did dwell,
And nowe at laſte thou cruell Mars adewe,
Whoſe darte my life, and loue Locrinus ſlewe.

And muſt I nedes departe from thee my childe,
If nedes I muſte ten thouſand times farewell,
Poore little lambe, thy frendes are quite exilde:
And much I feare thou ſhalt not long do well,
But if they ſo with boyling rancoure ſwell:
As thee to ſlea, which neuer wroughteſte ill,
How can they ſtaye, my ſtaynid corps to kill.

With that my Sabrines ſlender armes imbraide
Me rounde, and would not let me ſo departe,
"Let me (q ſhe) for hir the waters taſte,
"Or let vs both together ende our ſmarte:
"Yea rather rippe you foorth my tender harte,
"What ſhould I liue? but they the childe withdrew,
And mee, into the raging ſtreame they threw.

So in the waters as I ſtriude to ſwimme,
And kepte my head aboue the waues for breathe,
Me thought I ſawe my childe, would venter in:
"Which crie a mayne, O let me take like deathe,
The waters ſtraight had drawne me vndernethe,
Where ſtriuing vp at lengthe againe came I,
And ſawe my childe, and crydе farewell I die.

Then as my strength was wasted, down I went,
Eke so I plunged twice or thrice yet more:
My breath departed nedes I must relent,
The waters perst my mouth and eares so sore,
And to the botome with such force me bore,
That life, and breath, & minde, and sence was gone:
And I as dead, and colde as marble stone.

Lo thus you here the race of all my life,
And how I paste the pikes of paynefull wo,
Howe twise I thought to be a prince his wife:
And twise was quite depriude mine honour fro:
The third time queene, and felt foule ouer thro:
Then warne all ladies, that how much more hie,
Then their degrees they clime: mo daungers nye.

Bid them beware, leste bewty them abuse,
Beware of pride, for haue a fall it muste:
And will them Fortunes flattery to refuse:
Hir turning whele, is voyde of stedy truste:
Who reckes no meane, but leanith all to luste,
Shall finde my wordes, as true as I them tell:
Then bid beware, in time I wishe them well.

FINIS.

With

VVIth that she flitted in the ayre abrode,
As twere a miste or smoke dissolued quite,
And or I long on this had made abode,
A virgine smale, appearde before my sight,
For colde and wet eke scarsly moue she might,
As from the waters drownde she didering came:
Thus wise, hir tale in order did she frame.

¶ Sabrine the base childe of Locrinus, telles howe she was pitifully drowned by his wyfe Guendoline, in reuenge of hir fathers adulterye. The yeare before Christe. 1064.

BEholde me Sabrine orphane erste bereste,
Of all my frendes by cruell case of warre:
When as not one to treate for me was lefte,
But Ielosie did all their powres debarre,
When as my father eke was slayne in warre:
And when my mother euen before my sighte,
Was drounde to death, O wretche in wofull plighte!

Truste who so will the staffe of hie estate,
And bring me worde what stay therby you haue,
For why if Fortune once displeasure take:
She giues the foyle, though lookes be nere so braue.
Tis wisedome rather then to winne to saue,
For ofte who trustes to get a prince his trayne:
Would at the lengthe, of beggers life be fayne.

This might the Hunne erſte Humber well haue ſayde,
And this my mother Elſtride prouſde to true,
When as his life by ſtriuing ſtreames was ſtayde:
And when the tyrauntes hir in waters threwe.
What I may ſaye, my ſelfe reporte to you:
Which had more terrour ſhewde, then twyce ſuch twayne:
Giue care, and iudge if I abode no payne.

Firſt when my fathers corps was ſtroken downe,
With deadly ſhafte, I came to mourne and ſee:
And as he laye with bleding brecke in ſowne,
He caſte aſyde his watring eyes on mee.
"Flye flye (he ſaid) thy ſtepdame ſeekes for thee,
"My wofull childe: what flight maiſte thou to take,
"My Sabrine poore, I muſt the nedes forſake.

"See here myne ende, beholde thy fathers fall,
"Flye, flye, thy gelous ſtepdame ſeekes thy lyfe,
"Thy mother eke or this is wrapte in thrall:
"Farewell in woe you cannot ſcape hir knyfe:
"Farewell my childe, mine Elſtride and my wyfe,
"Adew (q he) I may no longer byde,
"And euen with that, he gaſpid threſe and dyede.

What birde can flye and ſore, if ſtormes do rage?
What ſhip can ſayle, if once the wyndes reſiſte?
What wight is that, can force of warres aſwage?
Or elſe what warre can bridle Fortunes liſte?
What man is he, that dare an hoaſte reſiſte?
What woman only dare withſtande a fielde?
If not? what childe but muſt to enemies yelde?

My fathers ſouldiers fled, away for feare:
As ſoone as once their Captaines death they ſcaude:
The Queene proclaimde a pardon euery where:
To thoſe would yelde, and craue it at hir hande,
Excepting ſuch, as did her ay withſtaude:
For ſo the courſe alwayes of pardons goes,
As ſaues the ſouldiers, and entrapps the foes.

Then wiſte I flight could nothing me preuaile,
I feard her pardon would not ſaue my lyfe:
The ſtorme was ſuch, I durſt not beare a ſaile:
I durſt not go t'intreate my fathers wyfe,
Althoughe I neuer was the cauſe of ſtrife.
For gelozye, deuoyde of reaſons raine:
With frenſies fume, enragde her reſtles braine.

But ſee the chaunce, thus compaſt rounde with feare
In broyles of bloud, as in the field I ſtande.
I wiſhte to God my corps were any where,
As out of life, or of this hatefull lande:
No ſooner wiſht, but there was euen at hande,
" A perſon vile, in haſt (quoth he) come on,
" Queene Elſtride wil before thou come be gon.

The raſcall rude, the rooge, the clubfiſt gripe
My litle arme, and plucte me on in haſte:
And with my robes, the bloudy ground he ſweepe,
As I driue backe: he halde me on full faſt,
Under his arme my ſclender corps he caſt:
Sith that (quoth he) thou putſt me to this paine,
Thou ſhalt thereby at length but litle gaine.

Thus

Thus through the hoste he bare me to my bane,
And shewde the souldiers what a spoile he had.
" Loke here (quoth he) the litle Princes taue,
And laught, and ran as brutish butcher mad.
But my lamenting made the souldiers sad,
Yet nought preuailde, the caytife as his pray:
Without all pity bare me still away.

Till at the length we came where we descride,
A nomber huge, of folkes about the Queene:
As when you see some wonder great betide,
Or els the place wher some straūge sight hath beene:
So might you there the people standing seene,
And gazed all when as they see mee brought:
Then sure I deinde, I was not come for nought.

And in the preasse, some praisde my comlye face,
Some said to Elstride she resembleth right:
Some said I loked like my fathers grace,
Some other said it was a piteous sight
I should so dye: the Queene mee pardon might,
Some said the thiefe mee bore did mee abuse,
And not so rudely ought a Princes vse.

But what did this redresse my wofull care,
You wot the Commons vse such prouerbs still:
And yet the captiues poore no better are,
It rather helpes their pained harts to kill:
To pity one in griefe doth worke him ill,
Bemone his woe: and cannot ease his thrall:
It kills his hart, but comforts nought at all.

Thus

Thus paſt we throw the preaſe, at length we came,
Into the preſence of the gelous Queene,
Who nought at all the raſcall rude did blame
That bare me ſo: but aſkte if I had ſeene
My father ſlaine, that cauſe thereof had beene,
O Queene (quoth I) God knowes mee innocent:
To worke my fathers death, I neuer ment.

With that I ſawe the people looke aſyde,
To bewe a mourning voyce I heard thereby,
It was my wofull mother by that cryde.
" Lo Sabrine hounde, at brinke of death I lye.
What pen or tongue, or teares with weeping eye.
Could tell my woes, that ſawe my mother bounde,
On waters ſhore, wherein ſhe ſhould be drounde.

With that I fell before the Queene and praide
For mercy, but with fiery eyes ſhe bent
Her browes on mee: out baſtarde vile (ſhe ſaid)
" Thou wotſt not yet, wherefore for thee I ſent,
" O Queene (quoth I) haue pity be content,
And if thou minde, of mercy ought to ſhow:
Drowne mee, and let my mother harmeleſſe go.

For why ſhe was a Prince his daughter borne
In Germany, and thence was brought away
Perforce by Humber, who by warres forlorne:
Thy king as captiue toke hir for his pray,
Thou maiſte full well her caſe with reaſon weye:
What coulde ſhe do, what more then ſhe or I,
Thy captiues now, thine owne to liue or dye?

Take

Take pity then, on Princely race O Queene:
Take pity, if remorce may ought require:
Take pity, on a captiue thrice hath beene:
Let pity pearce the rage of all thine ire:
But if thy breast burne with reuenging fire:
Then let my death quenche oute that fuming flame,
Sith of thy husbands bloud, and hirs I came.

Much more I saide, while teares out streaming went,
But nought of ease at all thereby I gainde,
My mother eke, did as she lay lamente:
Wherewith my hart a Thousand folde she painde,
And though the Queene my plaints to fauour fainde:
Yet at the last she bade she should prepare,
Her selfe to dye, and ende her course of care.

Than all her frends my mother Elstride namde,
And pleasures paste, and bade them all adue:
Eke as she thus her last farewell had framde,
With losse of him, from whom her sorowes grue:
At length to mee (which made my hart to rue)
"She said farewell my childe I feare thy fall:
"Ten thousand times, adewe my Sabrine small.

And as the cruel captiues came to take
Her vp, to caste and drowne her in the floud:
I fast mine armes about her clipt did make,
And cryde, O Queene let mercy meeke thy moode:
Do rather reaue my hart of vital bloude,
Then thus I liue: with that they slackte my holde,
And drenght my mother, in the waters colde.

For loue

For loue to ayde her, venter in would I,
That sawe my mother striue aloft for winde,
" To lande she lookte and saide farewell I dye.
O let me go (quoth I) like fate to finde,
" Said Guendoline come on likewise and binde
" This Sabrine hand and foote: at once let see
" Her here receiue, her whole request of mee.

" Eke as I wishe to haue in minde her fame,
" As Humbers is, which should her father beene:
" So shall this floud of Sabrine haue the name,
" That men thereby may say a righteous Queene,
" Here drownde her husbands childe of concubine.
" Therefore leaue Sabrine here thy name and life,
" Let Sabrine waters ende our mortall strife.

" Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,
My slender armes and feete which litle neede:
And sans all mercye me in waters caste,
Which drewe me downe, & cast me vp with speede,
And downe me drenght the Sabrine fishe to feede,
Where I abode till now: from whence I came,
And there the waters holde as yet my name.

Lo thus this gelous Queene, in raging sort,
With bloudy hate bereft her husbands health:
And eke my mother Elstrids life God wot,
Which neuer ment to hurt this common wealth:
And mee Locrinus child begot by stealth:
Against all reason was it for to kill,
The childe, for that her parents erst did ill.

By this

By this you see, what time our pompe doth bide:
Hereby you see th'unstedy trust in warre:
Hereby you see, the stay of states etryde:
Hereby you see, our hope to make doth marre:
Hereby you see, we fall from benche to barre:
From bench (quoth I:) nay from the Princely seate,
You see how soone vs Fortune downe doth beate.

And here you see, how lawlesse lone doth thriue:
Hereby you see, how gelous folkes do fare:
Here may you see, with wisedome they that wiue,
Neede neuer recke Cupidoes cursed snare:
Here may you see, deuorcemente breedeth care:
Here may you see, the children seldome thee,
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke goten bee.

Declare thou then our fall, and great mishap:
Declare the hap, and glory we were in:
Declare how soone we taken were in trap,
When we suppolde we had most safest bin:
Declare what losse they haue that hope to win:
Farewell, and tell when Fortune most doth smile:
Then will she frowne: she laughes but euen a while.

Finis.

The

The Authour.

WIth that the Lady Sabrine ſlinckt from ſight,
I lookt about, and then me thought againe
Approched ſtraight an other vvofull vvight:
It ſeemde as thoughe vvith doggs he had bin ſlaine,
The bloud from all his members torne amaine
Ran dovvne: his clothes vvere alſo torne and rente,
And from his bloudy throte theſe plaints he ſente.

Madan ſhewes how for his euill life he was ſlaine of Wolues, the yeare before Chriſte. 1009.

AMongſte the reſt, that ſate in hauty ſeate,
And felt the fall I pray the pen for mee:
A Tragedy maye ſome ſuch wiſedome geate,
As they may learne, and ſomewhat wiſer bee:
For in my glaſſe when as themſelues they ſee,
They may beware my fall from Fortunes lap,
Shal teach them how, t'eſchew the like miſhap.

I am that Madan once that Britaine kinge,
Was thirde that ever raigned in this lande,
Marke well therefore my death: as ſtraunge a thinge
As ſome would deeme, could ſcarce with reaſon ſtande:
Yet when thou haſt my life well throughly ſcande:
Thou ſhalt perceiue, not halfe ſo ſtraunge as true:
All life: worſe death, doth after ſtill inſue,

For

For when my mother Guendoline had raignde
In my nonage, full xb yeares she dyed:
And I but ponge not well in vertues traínde,
Was left this Realme of Britaynes for to guide:
Whereby when once, my minde was puft with pride:
I past for nought, I bide my lust for lawe:
Of right, or iustice reckte I not a strawe.

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage:
No bounds of measure, could me compasse in:
Durst none aduenture anger mine t'aswage,
If once to freate and fume I did begin:
And I excelde in nothing els but sinne:
So that welnighe all men did wishe my ende,
Saue such to whom for vice I was a frende.

In pleasures pleasaunt was my whole repaste.
My youth me led deuoyde of compasse quite,
And vices were so rooted in at last:
That to recure the euill it past my might.
For who so doth with will and pleasure fight,
Though all his force do striue them to withstande,
Without good grace they haue the vpper hande.

What licoure first, the earthen pot doth take:
It keepeth still the sauour of that same.
Full hard it is a cramocke straight to make:
Or crooked logges, with wainscot fine to frame:
Tis hard to make the cruel Tiger tame:
And so it fares with those haue vices caught,
Naught once (they saye) and euer after naught.

I speake

I ſpeake not this as though it paſt all cure,
From vices vile, to vertue to retire:
But this I ſaye if vice be once in vze,
The moze you ſhall, to quite your ſelfe requyze,
The moze you plunge your ſelfe in fulſome myze.
As he that ſtriues in ſoakte quicke ſirtes of ſande,
Still ſinkes, ſcarſe neuer comes againe to lande.

The giftes of grace may nature ouercome,
And God may graunt both time and leaue repente:
Yet I did moze in laps of lewdnes run,
And laſt my time in tyzauntes trade I ſpente.
But who ſo doth, with bloudy actes contente
His minde, ſhall ſure at laſte finde like againe:
And feele foz pleaſures, thouſand panges of paine.

Foz in the midſte of thoſe vntruſty toyles,
When as I nothing fearde, but all was ſure:
With all my trayne, I hunting rode foz ſpoyles
Of them, who after did my death pzocure:
Thoſe lewde delightes did boldly me allure,
To folow ſtill and to purſue the chaſe:
At laſte I came into a deſerte place.

Beſette with hilles, and monſtrous rockes of ſtone,
My company behinde, me loſt, oz ſtayde:
The place was eke with hauty trees ozegrowne
So wilde, and wylde it made me half afrayde,
And ſtraight I was with rauening wolues betrayd:
Came out of caues, and dennes, and rockes a maine,
There was I rent in pieces, kilde and ſlaine.

Alaſſe that youth (in vayne) ſo vyly ſpente,
Should euer cauſe a king to haue ſuch ende:
Alaſſe that euer I ſhould here lament,
Or elſe ſhould teache vnto my coſt my frende:
Alaſſe that foztune ſuch miſhap ſhould lende:
But ſithe it is to late foz me to crie,
I wiſhe that others may take hede me by.

I might full well by wiſdome ſhund this ſnare,
Tis ſayde a wiſeman all miſhap withſtandes.
Foz though by ſtarres we bozne to miſchiefes are:
Yet pzudence bayles vs quite from careful bandes,
Eche man (they ſay) his fate hath in his handes,
And what he makes, oz marres to leſe, oz ſaue
Of good, oz euill, is euen ſelfe do, ſelfe haue.

As here thou ſeeſt by me, that led my dayes
In vicious ſozte, foz greedy wolues a pzay:
Warne others wyſely, than to guide their wayes
By myne example, well eſchue they may,
Suche vices as may wozke their owne decay:
Which if they do, full well is ſpent the time
To warne, to wzyte, and eke to reade this rime.

FINIS.

When

VVHen this was ſaid, no more was Madan ſene,
(If it were he) but ſure I halfe ſuſpecte
It was ſome other elſe, ſo ſcrude had bene,
For that all ſtories do not ſo detecte
His death, or elſe I dide perhaps neglecte
His tale, becauſe that diuers ſtories broughte,
Suche fancies of his death into my thoughte.

Therefore although it be not as ſome write
Here pende by me, and yet as others haue:
Let it not griue thee reade that I recite,
And take what counſaile of good life he gaue:
I truſt I may (that dreame) ſome pardon craue,
For if the reſte, no dreames but ſtories pen:
Can I for that they write be blamed then?

No ſure, I thinke the readers will not giue
Such captious dome, as Momus erſte did vſe,
Though Zoilus impes as yet do carping liue:
And all good willing writers much miſuſe.
Occaſion biddes me ſome ſuch beaſtes accuſe,
Yet for their bawling hurtes me not I nill:
But with my purpoſe, on procede I will.

Next after that, came one in princely raye
A worthy wight but yonge, yet felt the fall:
It ſeemde he had bene at ſome warlike fraye,
His breſte was woundid wyde and bloudy all:
And as to mynde he muſde his factes to call,
Depe ſighes he fet, made all his limmes to ſhake:
At length theſe wordes, or like to me he ſpake,

Manlius declares how he minding to kill his brother for the kingdome was by him slayne. The yeare before Christe. 1008.

YF Fortune were so firme as she is frayle,
Or glosing glorie, were still permanent:
If no mishap our doings did assaile,
Or that our actes & factes were innocent,
If we in hope no hurte nor hatred ment:
Or dealing ay were don with dutie dewe,
We neuer coulde, our great missortunes rewe.

If pompe were payne, and pride were not in price,
Or hawty seate had not the highest place,
If we could lerne by others to be wise,
Or else eschew the daungers of our race:
If once we coulde the golden meane embrace,
Or banishe quite ambition from our breste:
We neuer neede to recke, or reape vnreste.

But O we thinke, such sweetenes in renowne,
We deme on earth, is all the greatest hap:
We nothing feare, the hurte of falling downe:
Or litle rome, in lady Fortunes lap,
We giue no heede, before we get the clap:
And then to late, we wishe we had bene wise:
When from the fall, we would and cannot rise.

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of nurce, or mother both at once might be:
And both did striue, the better dugge to geate
Till one were downe, and slipte beside hir knee:
Euen so it fares, by others and by me
In fortunes lap: we haue so litle holde,
She cannot staye, both striuing if she would.

I am that Manlius, one of Madans sonnes,
Which thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,
And would so don: but see what chaũce ther comes,
When brethren loue, and frendship quite exile.
Who thinkes another of his right beguyle,
Him selfe is soonest cleane bereaude of all:
In steade of rule, we reape the crop of thrall.

My elder brother then Mempricius hight,
Whose hauty minde, and mine did euer square:
We euermore as foes hight other spite,
And deadly Ire in hatefull hartes we bare.
He sought alwayes he might to worke me care,
And eache regarded others enuy so:
As after turnid both to painfull wo.

Because my father loude me well therfore,
My brother feared I should haue his right:
Likewise on fauour boldned I me bore,
And nether had in vertues wayes delite:
What nede I here our inwarde griefes recyte?
We not as brethren liude in hatrid still,
And sought occasion other eache to kill.

I forbecause I might obtaine the crowne:
And he for that he feared my fauoure bred,
Such frendship, as might alwayes kepe him downe,
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunste, our father once was dead,
Then straight appeared all our enuy playne:
And I could not from mine attempt refrayne.

See here, th'occasion of my hapleste happe,
See here, his chaūce that might haue liude ful well:
So baited swete is euery deadly trappe:
In brauiste bowres, doth deepest daunger dwell.
I thought mine elder from his right t'expell,
Though he both age, and custome forth did bring,
For title right: I sayd I would be king.

Some wishte we should, departe the realme in two,
And sayde my father eke was of that mynde:
But nether of vs both, that so would do,
We were not eche to other halfe so kinde,
And vile ambition made vs both so blynde:
We thought our raigne, couide not be sure & good,
Except the ground therof were laide with bloud.

Wherfore as eache did watche conuenient time,
For to commit this haynous bloudy facte:
My selfe was taken not accusde of crime,
As if I had offendid any acte.
But he as one that witte and reason lacte,
Saide traitour vile thou arte to me vntrue:
And therewithall his bloudy blade he drewe.

Not

Not like a king, but like a cutthrote fell:
Not like a brother, like a butcher brute:
Though twere no worse, then I deserued well:
He gaue no time, to reason or dispute.
To late it was, to make for life my suite:
Take traytour here (q he) thy whole deserte,
And therwithall he thrust me to the harte.

Thus was I by my brutishe brother slayne:
Which likewyse mente my brother for to kill,
This oftentimes, they vse to get and gaine,
Which do inuente anothers blood to spill.
Was neuer man pretendid such an ill,
But God to him like measure shortly sente:
As he to others erste before had mente.

Iniustice euer thriues, as theues doe thie:
And bloudthirste cries for vengeaunce at his hande,
Which all our right and wronges doth daily see:
The good to ayde, and graceless to withstande:
If ether vice or vertue we abande:
We ether are rewarded, as we serue:
Or else are plaged, as our deedes deserue.

Let this my warning then suffise eche sorte,
Bid them beware, example here they see:
It passeth playe, tis tragicall disporte,
To clime a step aboue their owne degree,
For though they thinke good fortune serude not me,
Yet did she vse me, as she vsde the reste:
And so I thinke, she seruith euen the beste.

FINIS.

The Authour.

VVHen Manlius had thus endid quite his tale,
He vaniſhte out of ſight as did the reſte:
And I perceiued ſtraight a perſone pale,
VVhoſe throte was torne and blodied all his breſte,
"Shall I (q he) for audience make requeſte,
"No ſure it nedes not, ſtraunge it ſemes to thee:
"VVhat he that beares this rentid corps ſhould bee.

"VVherefore I deeme thou canſt not chuſe but byde,
"And here my tale as others erſte before:
"Sythe by ſo ſtraunge a meanes thou ſeeſt I dyde,
"VVith rentid throte and breſte, thou muſiſte more:
"Marke well (q he) my ratling voyce therfore,
And therwithall, this tale he gan to tell,
VVhich I recyte, though nothing nere ſo well.

Mempricius giuen all to luſte,
pleaſure and the ſinne of Sodomye:
telles how he was deuoured of wolues.
The yeares before Chriſt.
989.

TIs often ſayd a man ſhould do likewyſe
To other, as he would to him they did:
Do as thou wouldſte be don to ſaith the wyſe,
And do as conſcience, and as iuſtice byd.
But he that myndes for rule another ryd,
Muſt not his handes with cruell bloud diſtayne:
For bloud doth alwayes cry for bloud agayne.

Eke

Eke lustfull life that sleepes in sinkes of sinne
Procures a plague, fy fy on Venus vyle.
We litle wot the mischiefe is therein,
When we with poisons sweete our selues beguile:
The pleasures passe, the ioyes indure but while,
And nought thereby at all we get ogaine:
But dreadfull death, and euerlasting paine.

Wee thincks thou lookist for to haue my name,
And musist what I am that thus do com:
I would or this haue tolde it but for shame,
Wherefore to giue example yet to som:
I will no longer faine my selfe so dom,
But sith I must as others tell their fall:
Take here my name, my life, my death and all.

I am Mempricius, Madans eldest sonne,
Once king of Britaine that my brother slewe:
Whereby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,
And after noright vices moe that grewe.
Not natures lawes, nor Gods, nor mans I knew,
But liude in lust not recking any thing:
I deinde was nought vnlawfull for a king.

For when I had my brother brought on beare,
I thought in rest to keepe this kingdome longe
And I was voyde of doubt, I had no feare:
Was none durst checke me, did I right or wrong:
I liude at large, and thought my powre so stronge:
There could no man preuaile against my will,
In steede of lawe that vsed rigor still.

So after

So after that I fell to slouthfull ease,
A vice that breedes a nomber more despyte:
I wax so testie none durst me displease
And eke so puft with glory vaine and pryde.
My senceleſſe sence as ship without a guide,
Was tost with euery fancye of my braine:
Like Phœbus chariote, vnder Phaetons raine.

I deemde them foes that me good counsaile gaue,
And those my chiefest frends could glose and lye:
I hated them that were so sage and graue,
And those I loude were lustye, lewde and slye:
I did the wisest wittes as fooles defye:
Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roisters I embrast:
As were vnwise, vnhoneſt, rude, vnchast.

I lusted eke as lothsome lechers vse,
My subiects wiues and daughters at my will
I did so often as me pleasde abuse,
Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.
Thus gat I queanes, and concubines at fill:
And for their sakes I put away my wyfe:
Such was my lewdnes, lust, and lawleſſe lyfe

But shame forbids mee for to tell the reſt,
It mee abhorres to shew what did insue:
And yet because it moueth in my breſt,
Compunction still and was God wot to true:
I will declare whence my destruction grue:
To Sodomes sinne alas I fell and than,
I was despised, both of God and man.

Could

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?
Might ought of euill exceede these vices told?
Thincke you thers any wight on ground that goes,
Might scape reuenge, of vice so manifolde?
No sure, who is in sinnefulnes so bolde,
His vices fare like weedes, they sproute so fast:
They kill the corps, as weedes the corne at last.

My great outrage, my heedelesse heade, the life
I beastly led, could not continue soe,
My brothers bloud, my leauing of my wife:
And working of my frendes and subiects woe,
Cride still to God for my fowle ouerthroe:
Which heares ꝓ wrõgd, he heedes their careful case,
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Yet I mistrusting no mishaps at hande,
(Though I were worthy twenty times to dye)
I lewdly liude, and did my wealth withstande:
I neuer thought my ende was halfe so nye.
For my disport I rode on hunting I,
In woodes the fearefull hart I chased fast:
Till quite I lost my company at last.

And or I wist, to rest I found my foes,
By chaunce I came, wher as the wolues they bred.
Which in a moment did me rounde inclose:
And mounted at my horse his throte, and head.
Some on his hinder parts their paunches fed,
Yet fought I still to scape, if it might bee:
Till they my fainted horse, pulde downe with mee.

Then

Then was I hopeleſſe to eſcape their iawes,
They faſtned all their holders faſt on mee:
And on my ropall robes they ſet their clawes,
My Princely preſence, nor my highe degree,
Houde them no more obeyſaunt for to bee,
Nor of my corps, to take no more remorce:
Then did the greeuous groning of my horſe.

But rauenouſly they rent, my breaſt and throte,
Forſoke my ſteede, came all at once and tare
My tender corps, from which they fleyde my coate.
And of my fleſhe they made at all no ſpare:
They neuer left mee till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I ſlewe my brother, left my wife,
Liude vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloudy broyles, beware of wronge:
Embrace the counſaile of the wiſe and ſage.
Truſt not to powre, though it be nere ſo ſtronge:
Beware of raſhnes rude and roiſters rage.
Eſchew vile Venus topes, ſhe cuttes of age,
And learne this leſſon of (and teach) thy frende:
By pocks, death ſodaine, begging, harlots ende.

Finis.

ON this mee thought he vaniſhte quite avvay,
And I vvas left vvith Morpheus all alone:
VVhom I deſyrde theſe gryzely ghoſtes to ſtay,
Till I had ſpace to heare them one by one.
And euen vvith that vvas Somnus ſeruaunt gone,
VVhereby I ſlept and toke mine eaſe that night,
And in the morninge roſe their tales to vvrite.

Novve (Reader) if you thincke I miſte my marke,
In any thinge vvhilere but ſtories tolde:
You muſt conſider that a ſimple clarke,
Hath not ſuch ſkill theffect of things t'unfolde,
But may vvith eaſe of vviſer be controlde:
Eke vvho ſo vvrites as much the like as this,
May hap be demde likevviſe as much to miſſe.

VVherefore if theſe may not content your minde,
As eche man cannot fauour all mens vaines:
I pray you yet let me this frendſhip finde,
Giue your good vvill, I craue nought els for paines.
VVhich if you grutch mee, as to great a gaines:
Then is my loue to you, and labour loſt,
And you may learne take heede, vvith greater coſt.

But novv me thinckes I heare the carpers tell,
Saith one, the vvriter vvanted vvordes to fill:
The next reproued the verſe not couched vvell:
The thirde declares, vvhere lackte a point of ſkill:
Some others ſay they like the myter ill.
But vvhat of this? ſhall theſe diſmay mee quite?
No ſure, I vvill not ceaſe for ſuch to vvrite.

For

The Authour.

For with more eaſe, in other workes they finde
A fault, then take vpon themſelues to pen
So much, and eke content eche readers minde:
How ſhould my verſe craue all their likings then?
Sith ſondry are the ſects of diuers men,
I muſt endeuoure only thoſe to pleaſe:
VVhich like that comes, ſo it be for their eaſe.

The reſt I recke as they blame worthy bee,
For if the vvords I wrote for good intent:
Take other ſence then they receiude of mee,
Be turnde to vvorſe, torne, reached, rackt or rent
Or hackt and hewde, not conſtred as I ment:
The blame is theirs, which with my workes ſo mell:
Leſſe faulty he that vviſht his country well.

If ſome be pleaſde and eaſde, I leaſe no toyle,
At carpers gyrdle hanges not all the keyes:
VVhat price gaines he, that giues him fall or foyle,
VVhich neuer wan by vvraſtling any prayſe,
I haue not ſpent in poetrye my dayes,
Some other workes in proaſe I printed haue:
And more I write for which I leyſure ſaue.

And for mine age not thirty yeares hath paſt,
No ſtyle ſo rype can yonger yeares attaine.
For of them all, but onlye ten the laſt,
To learne the tongues, and vvrite I toke the paine,
If I thereby receyued any gaine,
By Frenche or Latine chiefely which I choſe,
Theſe fiue yeares paſt by writing I diſcloſe.

Of which

Of which, the firſt two yeares I Grammer taught:
The other twaine, I Hulœts worke enlargde:
The laſt tranſlated Aldus phraſes fraught
VVith eloquence, and toke of Terence charge
At Printers hand, to adde the flowers at large
VVhich wanted there, in Vdalles worke before:
And vvrote this booke with other diuers more.

Then pardon whats amiſſe, a while giue eare,
So ſhall you heare the reſt that I recite,
Deſcribing next what Princes did apeare:
VVhen I had ended theſe are paſt to write.
In ſlomber as I chaunſt to lye one night,
VVas Somnus preſt, whom I deſyrde to ſende
His Morpheus ayde, theſe Tragedies to ende.

VVherewith he graunted my requeſt and calde
For Morpheus ſtraight: which knew wherto he came.
"I will (quoth he) the reſt, whom Fortune thralde.
"Of Britaynes ſhewe: thy ſelfe to heare them frame.
And therewithall he fet forth one like Fame,
In fethers all with winges ſo finely dight:
As twere a birde, in humane ſhape of flight.

Yet twas not Fame that femme of painted plume,
He rather ſeemed Icarus deceaude,
VVith winges to flye nighe Phœbus did preſume.
At length in deede I plainly well perceaude,
It was ſome kinge of vitall breath bereaude,
From flight he fell preſuming farre to hye:
Giue eare, take heede and learne not ſo to flye.

Bladud

Bladud recyteth howe he practizinge by curious arts to flye, fell and brake his necke. The yeare before Christe. 844.

SHall I rehearse, likewise my name?
And eke a place amongste them fill,
Which at their endes to mischiefe came?
Sith Morpheus bids mee so I will.

And that because I see the minde,
To write my stoyye fate and fall,
Such curious heads it reade and finde:
Pay fly, to flee, and shunne my thrall.

If daunger teach them liue take heede:
If leesers harme, make lookers wyse:
If warines, do safetye breede,
Or wracke make sailers shelues dispise.

Then may my hurt, giue sample sure:
My losse of life may lokers learne:
My warning may beware procure,
To such as daunger scarce discerne.

I am that Bladud Britaine kinge,
Rudhudebras his eldest sonne,
Did learning first to England bring:
And other wonders more were done.

Nowe

Now giue me eare, and after wryte:
Marke well my life example take:
Eschue the euill that I recyte,
And of my death a myrrour make.

In youth I gaue my mynde to loze,
For I in learning tooke repaste:
No earthly pleasure likte me moze,
I went to Athens at the laste.

A towne in Greece, whose fame went foorth
Throughout all the worlde hir name was spred:
I counted knowledge so much woorth,
Hir only loue to Greece me led.

There first of all the artes of seuen,
Wherein before I had small skill:
I Grammer gate declares the steuen,
By rule to speake, and wryte at will.

Nert after that in Rhetoricke fine,
Which teacheth how the talke to fyle:
I gate some knowledge in short tyme,
And could perswade within a whyle.

I thirdly learned Logicke well,
An arte that teacheth to disputes
To aunswere wisely or refell,
Distinguishe, proue, disproue, confute.

Then after that of nomber, I
The ſkilfull arte likwyſe attainde:
Wherin of Mathematickes lye,
Full many pointes I after gainde.

And Muſicke milde I lernde that telles,
Tune, tyme, and meaſure of the ſong:
A ſcience ſwete the reſte exceлles,
For melody hir notes among.

But firſtly I the dame of artes,
Geometric of great engine
Employde, with all hir ſkilfull partes:
Therby ſome greater giftes to winne.

So laſte I lernde Aſtronomie,
A lofty arte that paſte them all:
To know by motions of the ſkye,
And fixed ſtarres, what chaunce might fall.

This pleaſaunt arte alured me,
To many fonde inuentions then:
For iudgementes of Aſtrologie,
Delites the mindes of wiſeſt men.

So doth the arte Phiſiognomie,
Dependes on iudgment of the face:
And that of Metopoſcopie,
Which of the forehead telles the grace.

And Chiromancie by the hande,
Coniectures of the inwarde minde:
Eke Geomancie by the lande,
Doth diuers many farlies finde.

Augurium eke was vſde of olde
By byrdes of future thinges preſagde:
And many thinges therby they tolde,
Were ſkilfull, learned, wiſe and agde.

But Magicke for it, ſeemd ſweete,
And full of wonders made me muſe:
For many feates I thought it meete,
And pleaſaunt for a prince to vſe.

Three kindes there are, for natures ſkill,
The firſt they Naturall do name:
In which by herbes and ſtones they will,
Worke wonders thinges, are worthy fame.

The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magicke workes by nature for:
That brazen heades make ſpeake it ſhall,
Of woode birdes, bodies flye, and go.

The thirde Venefical by right,
Is named for by it they make:
The ſhapes of bodies chaunge in ſight,
And other formes on them to take.

What neede I tell what Theurgie is,
Or Necromancie you despise:
A diuelishe arte, the feenes by this,
Seme calde, and coniurde to arise.

Of these too much I lerned then,
By those such secrete artes professe:
For of the wise and skilfull men,
Whome Fame had praisde I gate the beste.

They promisse for to teache me so,
The secretes of dame natures skill:
That I nede neuer taste of woe,
But alwayes might foresee it still.

Wherefore enflamed with their loue,
I brought away the beste I coulde:
From Greece to Britayne lande to proue,
What feates for me deuise they woulde.

Of which were foure Philosophers,
For passing skill excelde the reste:
Phisitians and Astronomers,
In Athens all they were the beste.

My father harde of my retourne,
Of my successe in learning there:
And how the Greecians did adourne,
My wittes with artes that worthy were.

He herde likewiſe what ſtore I brought,
Of learned Greekes from Aticke ſoyle:
And of my laboure learning ſought,
With ſtudy, trauayle, paine and toyle.

Alikewyſe herde he builded here,
Three townes while abſente thence was I:
By Southe he foundid VVinchelter,
By Eaſt he built Cantorbury.

By Weſte full highe he builte the laſte,
On hill from waters depe belowe:
Calde Shafteſbury on rockes full faſte,
It ſtandes and giues to Seas a ſhowe.

Theſe cauſde we both might well reioyce
He for becauſe I gate ſuch fame:
And I, for that by all mennes voyce,
His factes deſerude immortall name.

What neues much talke the peres, and all
The commons eke with one aſſente:
Extolde my name eſpeciall,
Which had my youthe in learning ſpent.

I was receaude with triumphes great,
With pageauntes in eache towne I paſſe:
And at the courte my princip ſeate.
Was by my fathers ioyned faſte.

The nobles then desirde to haue,
On me their children wayte and tende:
And royall giftes with them me gaue,
As might their powres therto extende.

But here began my cause of care,
As all delightes at length haue ende:
Vemixte with woes our pleasures are,
Amidste my ioyes, I loste a frende.

My father, nyne and twenty yeares,
This tyme had raignde and helde the crowne:
As by your cronicles appeares,
Whan fates, on vs began to frowne.

For euen amidste his mosse of ioye,
As youth, and strengthe and honours fade:
Sore sickues did him long anoye,
At laste, of life an ende it made.

Then was I chose king of this lande,
And had the crowne as had the reste:
I bare the scepter in my hande,
And swoorde that all our foes oppreste.

Eke for because the Greekes did vse,
We well in Greece at Athens late:
I had those foure I brought to chuse,
A place that I might dedicate.

To all the Muſes and their artes,
To learnings vſe for euermore:
Which when they ſought in diuers partes,
At laſt they found a place therfore.

Amidſt the realme it lies welnighe,
As they by arte and ſkill did proue:
An healthfull place not lowe nor highe,
An holſome ſoyle for their behoue.

With water ſtreames, and ſpringes for welles:
And medowes ſweete, and valeyes grene:
And woodes, groaues, quaries, all thinge elſe
For ſtudentes weale, or pleaſure bene.

When they reported this to me,
They prayde my grace that I would buylde,
Them there an vniuerſitie,
The fruites of learning for to yelde.

I buylte the ſcholes, like Atikes then,
And gaue them landes to maintayne thoſe:
Which were accounted learned men,
And could the groundes of artes diſcloſe.

The towne is called Stamforde yet,
There ſtande the walles vntill this daye:
Foundations eke of ſcholes I ſet,
Bide yet not maintainde in decaye.

Wherby the lande receauid store,
Of learned clarkes long after that:
But nowe giue eare I tell the more,
And then my fall, and great mishap.

Because that time Apollo was,
Surmisde the God that gaue vs wit:
I builte his temple braue did passe,
At Troynouant the place is yet.

Some saye I made the batthes at Bathe:
And made therfore two tunnes of brasse:
And other twayne seuen saltes that haue
In them, but these be made of glasse

With sulpher fylde, and other things,
Wylde fire, saltgem, salte peter eke:
Salte armoniake, salte Alch:me,
Salte comune, and salte Arabecke.

Salte niter mixid with the rest,
In these fowre tunnes by portions right:
Fowre welles to laye them in were drest,
Wherin they boyle, both daye and night.

The water springes them rounde about,
Doth ryse forth ay and boyleth still:
The tunnes within and eke without,
Do all the welles with vapoures fill.

So that

So that the heate and clenſing powre,
Of Sulpher and of ſalts and fyre:
Doth make the bathes eche pointed houre,
To helpe the ſickly healthy deſyre.

Theſe bathes to ſoften ſinewes haue,
Great vertue and to ſcoure the ſkin:
From morphew white, and blacke to ſaue,
The bodies faint, are bathde therein.

For leprye, ſcabs, and ſores are olde,
For ſcurfes, and botche, and humors fall:
The bathes haue vertues many folde,
If God giue grace to cure them all.

The ioyntes are ſwelde, and hardned milte:
And hardned liuer palſeis paine,
The pore and itche, if worke thou wilt,
By helpe of God it heales againe.

Shall I renege I made them then?
Shall I denye my cunning founde?
By helpe I had of learned men,
Thoſe worthy welles in gratefull grounde?

I will do ſo: for God gaue grace,
Whereby I knewe what nature wrought:
And lent me lore to finde the place,
By wiſedome where thoſe welles I ſought.

Which once conſeſt to bere my harme,
Eſchewe the like if thou be wiſe:
Let neuer will thy wits becharme,
Or make the chaunge of kinde deuiſe.

For if the fiſhe would learne to goe,
And leaue to ſwim againſt his vze:
When he were quite the waters froe,
He could not ſwim you may be ſure.

Or if the beaſt would learne to flye,
That had no plumes by nature lent:
And get him winges as earſt did I,
Would not thincke you it him repent?

Though Magicke Mathematicall,
Make wooden birdes to flye and ſoze:
Eke brazen heads that ſpeake they ſhall,
And promiſe many marueiles moze.

Yet ſith it ſwarues from Natures will,
As much as theſe that I recite:
Refuſe the fondnes of ſuch ſkill,
Doth ay with death the proufe requite.

I deemde I could moze ſoner frame,
My ſelfe to flye then birdes of woode:
And ment to get eternall fame,
Which I eſteemde the greateſt good.

I deckte

I decke my ſelfe with plumes and winges,
As here thou ſeeſt in ſkilfull wiſe:
And many equall poyſing thinges,
To ayde my flight, to fall or riſe.

Thou thinckſte an art that ſeldome vſde,
In hand I toke, and ſo it was:
But we no daunger then refuſde,
So we might bring our feates to paſſe.

By practiſe at the length I could,
Gainſt ſtore of winde with eaſe ariſe:
And then which way to light I ſhould,
And mount, and turne I did deuiſe.

Which learned but not perfectly,
Before I had there of the ſleight:
I flew aloft but downe fell I,
For want of ſkill againe to light.

Upon the temple earſt I built,
To God Apollo, downe I fell:
In fiters broilde for ſuch a guilt,
A iuſt reuenge requited well.

For what ſhould I preſume ſo highe,
Againſt the courſe of nature quite:
To take me winges and faye to flye,
A foole no fowle in fethers dight.

As lear-

As learning lounds and cunning finds,
To such haue wit the same to vse:
So she confounds, and marres the mindes,
Of those her secrets seeme t'abuse.

Well then deserts requirde my fall,
Presumption proude, depriude my breath:
Renowne bereft my life and all,
Desire of praise, procurde my death:

Do let alureing arts alone,
They pleasaunt seeme yet are they baine:
Amongst an hundreth scarce is one,
Doth ought thereby but labour gaine.

Their cunning castes are crafty cares,
Deuices baine deuisde by men:
Such witched wiles are Sathans snares,
To traine in fooles, dispise them then.

Their wisedome is but wily wit,
Their sagenes is but subtilty:
Darke dreames deuisde for fooles are fit,
And such as practise pampestry.

Thou seest my fall and eke the cause,
Unwisely I good giftes abusde:
Lo here the hurt of learned sawes,
If they be wrested or misuide.

Then

Then write my story with the rest,
May pleasure when it comes to vewe:
Take heede of counsailes all is best,
Beware, take heede farewell adieu.

Farewell, will students keepe in minde,
ὀυκ αρετᾳ κακὰ ἔργα:
Els May they chaunce like fate to finde,
For why, τοῖς κακοῖς τρῖς κακα.
τελος.

The Authour.

WHen Bladud thus had ended quite his tale,
And tolde his life as you haue hearde before:
He toke his flight and then a Lady pale,
Apearde in sight, beraide vvith bloudy gore:
In hande a knife of sanguine dye she bore:
And in her breast a wounde was pearced wyde,
So freshly bledde, as if but than she dyde.

She staide a while, her coulour came and went,
And doubtfull was that would haue tolde hir paine:
In wofull sort she seemed to lament,
And could not well her tongue from talke refraine,
For why her griefes vnfolde she would right faine,
Yet bashfull was: at length an ende to make,
Hir Morpheus wild, and then thus wise she spake.

Cordile

The Tragœdye

Cordila ſhewes how by deſpaire when ſhe was in priſon ſhe ſlue herſelfe.

the yeare before Chriſte. 800.

IF any wofull wight haue cauſe, to waile her woe:
Or griefes are paſt do pricke vs Princes tel our fal:
My ſelfe likewiſe muſt needes conſtrained eke do ſo,
And ſhew my like miſfortunes and miſhaps withal.
Should I keepe cloſe my beauy haps and thral:
Then did I wronge: I wrongde my ſelfe and thee,
Which of my facts, a witnes true maiſt bee.

A woman yet muſt bluſhe when baſhfull is the caſe,
Though truth bid tell the tale and ſtory as it fell:
But ſith that I miſlike not audience time nor place
Therefore, I cannot ſtill keepe in my counſaile well:
No greater eaſe of hart then griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of our minde,
Our carefull harts thereby great comfort finde.

For why to tell that may recounted be againe,
And tell it as oure cares may compaſſe caſe:
That is the ſalue and medcine of our paine,
Which cureth corſpes all and ſores of our diſeaſe:
It doth our pinching panges, and paines apeaſe:
It pleades the part of an aſſured frende,
And telles the trade, like vices to amende.

Therefore

Therefore if I more willing be to tell my fall,
And shew mishaps to ease my burdened brest and minde
That others haply may auoide and shunne like thrall,
And thereby in distresse more ayde and comfort finde.
They maye keepe measure where as I declinde,
And willing be to flye like bruite and blame:
As I to tell, or thou to write the same.

For sith I see the prest to heare that wilt recorde,
What I Cordila tell to ease my inward smart:
I will resite my storye tragicall ech worde,
To the that giust an eare to heare and ready art,
And lest I set the horse behinde the cart,
I minde to tell ech thinge in order so,
As thou maiste see and shewe whence sprang my wo.

My grandsyre Bladud highte that found the Bathes by skill,
A fethered king that practisde for to flye and soare:
Whereby he felt the fall God wot against his will,
And neuer went, roode, raigned nor spake, nor flew no more.
Who dead his sonne my father Leire therefore,
Was chosen kinge, by right apparent heyre,
Which after built the towne of Leircestere.

He had three daughters, first and eldest highte Gonerell:
Next after hir, my sister Ragan was begote:
The thirde and last was, I the yongest namde Cordell,
And of vs all, our father Leire in age did dote.
So minding hir that loude him best to note,
Because he had no sonne t'enioye his lande:
He thought to giue, where fauoure most he fande.

What

What though I youngest were, yet men me iudge more wise
Then either Gonorell, or Ragan had more age,
And kayser farre: wherefore my sisters did despise
My grace, and giftes, and sought my praise t'swage:
But yet though vice gainst vertue die with rage,
It cannot keepe her vnderneth to drowne,
But still she flittes aboue, and reapes renowne.

Yet natheless, my father did me not mislike:
But age so simple is, and easye to subdue:
As childhode weake, thats voide of wit and reason quite:
They thincke thers nought, you flater fainde, but all is true:
Once olde and twice a childe, tis said with you,
Which I affirme by proofe, that was definde:
In age my father had a childishe minde.

He thought to wed vs vnto nobles three, or Peres:
And vnto them and theirs, deuide and part the lande:
For both my sisters first he sent as first their yeares
Requirde their mindes, and loue, and fauour t'understand.
(Quoth he) all doubtes of duty to abande,
I must assaye and eke your frendships proue:
Now tell me eche how much you do me loue.

Which when they aunswered, they loude him wel and more
Then they themselues did loue, or any worldly wight:
He praised them and said he would againe therefore,
The louing kindnes they deserude in fine requite:
So found my sisters fauour in his sight,
By flatery fayre they won their fathers hart:
Which after turned, him and mee to smart.

But not content with this he minded me to proue,
For why he wonted was to loue me wonders well:
How much dost thou (q he) Cordile thy father loue?
I will (said I) at once my loue declare and tell:
I loude you euer as my father well,
No otherwise, if more to know you craue:
We loue you chiefly for the goodes you haue.

Thus much I said, the more their flattery to detect,
But he me answerd therunto again with Ire,
Because thou dost thy fathers aged yeares neglect,
That loude ꝑ more of late then thy desertes require,
Thou neuer shalt, to any part aspire
Of this my realme, emong thy sisters twayne,
But euer shalt vndotid ay remayne.

Then to the king of Albany for wife he gaue
My sister Gonerell, the eldest of vs all:
And eke my sister Ragan for Hinnine to haue,
Which then was Prince of Camber and Cornwall:
These after him should haue his kingdome all
Betwene them both, he gaue it franke and free:
But nought at all, he gaue of dowry mee.

At last it chaunst ꝑ king of Fraunce to here my fame,
My beutie braue, was blazed all abrode eche where:
And eke my vertues praisde me to my fathers blame
Did for my sisters flattery me lesse fauoure beare.
Which when this worthy king my wrõgs did heare,
He sent ambassage likte me more then life,
T'intreate he might me haue to be his wife.

My father was content withall his harte, and sayde,
He gladly should obtaine his whole request at will
Concerning me, if nothing I therin denayde:
But yet he kept by their inuisment hatred still,
(q be) your prince his pleasure to fulfill,
I graunt and giue my daughter as you craue:
But nought of me for dowry can she haue.

King Aganippus well agreed to take me so,
He deemde that vertue was of dowries all the best:
And I contentid was to Fraunce my father fro
For to depart, & hoapte t'enioye some greater rest.
I maried was, and then my ioyes encreaske,
I gate more fauoure in this prince his sight,
Then euer princesse of a princely wight.

But while ꝑ I these ioyes enioyd, at home in Fraũce
My father Leire in Britayne waxed aged olde,
My sisters yet them selues the more aloft t'aduaũce,
Thought well they might, be by his leaue, or sans so (bolde:
To take the realme & rule it as they wold.
They rose as rebels voyde of reason quite,
And they depriude him of his crowne and right.

Then they agreed, it should be into partes equall
Deuided: and my father threscore knightes & squires
Should alwayes haue, attending on him still at cal.
But in six monthes so much encreasid hateful Ires,
That Gonerell denyde all his desires,
So halfe his garde she and her husband reste:
And scarce alowde the other halfe they leste.

The

Eke as in Scotlande thus he lay lamenting fates,
When as his daughter so, sought all his vtter spoyle:
The meaner vpstarte gentiles, thought thē selues his mates
And betters eke, see here an aged prince his foyle.
Then was he faine for succoure his, to toyle.
With all his knightes, to Cornewall there to lye:
In greatest nede, his Raganes loue to trye.

And when he came to Cornwall, Ragan therwith ioye,
Receiued him and eke hir husbande did the lyke:
There he abode a yeare and liude without a noy,
But then they tooke, all his retinue from him quite
Saue only ten, and shewde him dayly spite,
Which he bewailde complaynyng durst not striue,
Though in disdayne they laste alowde but fiue.

On this he deemde him, selfe was far that tyme vnwyse,
When from his doughter Gonerell to Ragan hee:
Departed erste yet eache did him poore king despise,
Wherfore to Scotlande once againe with hir to bee
And bide he went: but beastly cruell shee,
Bereaude him of his seruauntes all saue one,
Bad him content him self with that or none.

Eke at what time he askte of eache to haue his garde,
To garde his grace where so he walkte or wente:
They calde him doting foole and all his hestes debarde,
Demaunded if with like he could not be contente,
When he to late his rigour did repente,
Gainst me and sayde, Cordila now adieu:
I finde the wordes thou tolldste mee to to true.

And to be ſhort, to Fraunce he came alone to mee,
And tolde me how my ſiſters him our father vſde:
Then I beſought my king with teares vpō my knee,
That he would aide my father thus by them miſuſde
Who nought at all my humble beſte refuſde:
But ſent to euery coſte of Fraunce for ayde,
Wherwith my father home might be conueide.

The ſoldiers gathered from eche quarter of ꝯ land,
Came at ꝯ length to know the king his mind & will:
Who did commit them to my fathers aged hand,
And I likewiſe of loue and reuerent mere goodwill
Deſirde my king, he would not take it ill,
If I departed for a ſpace withall:
To take a parte, or eaſe my fathers thrall.

This had: I partid with my father from my fere,
We came to Britayne with our royall cāpe to fight:
And manly fought ſo lōg our enmies vāquiſht were
By martiall feates, and force by ſubiectes ſword and might.
The Britiſhe kinges were fayne to yelde our right,
And ſo my father well this realme did guide,
Three yeares in peace and after that he dide.

Then I at Leirceſter in Janus temple made,
His tombe and buried there his kingly regall corſe,
As ſondry tymes in life before he often bade:
For of our fathers will we then did greatly force,
We had of conſcience eke ſo much remorce,
That we ſuppoſde thoſe childrens liues to ill:
Which brake their fathers teſtament, and will.

And I was queene the kingdome after still to holde,
Till fiue yeares paste I did this Iland guyde:
I had the Britaynes at what becke & bay I wolde,
Till that my louing king myne Aganippus dyde.
But then my seate it faltered on eache side,
Two churlishe Impes began with me to Iarre,
And for my crowne wadgde with me mortal warre.

The one highte Morgan th'elder sonne of Gonerell
My sister, and that other Conidagus highte
My sister Ragans sonne, that loude me neuer well:
Both nephewes mine, yet wolde against me Cordel
Because I loude always that semed right: (fight,
Therfore they hated me, and did pursue,
Their aunte and queene as she had bene a Iewe.

This Morgane was that time ꝑ prince of Albany,
And Conidagus king of Cornewale and of VVales:
Both which, at once prouided their artillery,
To worke me wofull wo, & mine adherentes bales:
What nede I fill thyne eares with longer tales:
They did preuaile by might and powre so faste
That I was taken prisoner at laste.

In spitefull sorte, they vsed then my captiue corse,
No fauoure shewde to me, extincte was mine estate.
Of kinred, princesse bloud, or pere was no remorse,
But as an abiecte vile and worse they did me hate,
To lie in darksome dongeon was my fate:
As twere a thiefe mine aunswers to abyde,
Gainst right and iustice, vnder Jaylours guyde.

For libertie at lengthe I suid, to subiectes were:
But they kepte me in pryson close deuoyde of truste,
If I might once escape, they were in dreade and feare,
Their fawning frendes with me would proue vntrue and iust.
They tolde me take it patiently I muste,
And be contented that I had my life:
Sithe with their mothers I began the strife.

Whereby I sawe might nothing me preuayle to pray,
Or pleade, or proue, defende, excuse or pardon craue.
They herde me not, despilde my plaintes, sought my decay,
I might ne lawe, nor loue, nor right, nor iustice haue:
No frendes, no faith, nor pitie could me saue:
But I was from all hope of licence barde,
Condemde my cause like neuer to be herde.

Was euer lady in such wofull wreckfull wo:
Depriude of princely powre, berefte of libertie,
Depriud in all these worldly pompes, hir pleasures fro,
And brought from welthe, to nede distresse, and misery:
From palace proude, in pryson poore to lye:
From kingdomes twayne, to dungion one no more:
From Ladies wayting, vnto vermine store.

From light to darke, from holsom ayre to lothsom smell:
From odewr swete, to sweate: from ease, to grieuous payne:
From sight of princely wights, to place where theues do dwel:
From deinty beddes of downe, to be of strawe full fayne:
From bowres of heauenly hewe, to dennes of dayne:
From greatest haps, that worldly wightes atchieue:
To more distresse then any wretche aliue.

When

When firſte I lefte the crowne of Fraunce, did me exalte,
And eke my noble king, myne Aganippus true:
And came to Englande for their heynous factes, and faulte:
Which from his right and kingdom quite our father threw,
To take this realme, to raigne and treaſon knew:
I thinke of all miſfortunes was the worſte,
Or elſe I deeme, was ſome of vs accurſte.

For marke my hapleſſe fall that drawes at length to ende,
As in this priſon vile, on lyue I lingering laye:
When I had mourned long, but founde no faithfull frende
That could me helpe, or ayde, or comforte any way,
Was ſcrude at meate, as thoſe their kinges betraye,
With fare God wot was ſimple, bare and thinne,
Could not ſuſtayne the corps it entred in.

And when the ſighes, & teares, & plaintes nigh burſt my hart,
And place, and ſtenche and fare nighe poyſond euery pore:
For lacke of frendes to tell my teas of giltleſſe ſmarte,
And that mine eyes had ſworne to take ſwete ſlepe no more,
I was content ſithe cares oppreſſe me ſore,
To leaue my foode, take mourning plaintes and crie,
And lay me downe, let griefe and nature trie.

Thus as I pyning lay my carkas on couch of ſtrawe,
And felte that payne erſte neuer creature earthly knewe:
Me thought by night a gryzely ghoſt in darkes I ſawe,
Eke nerer ſtill to me with ſtealing ſteps ſhe drewe.
She was of coloure pale, a deadly hewe:
Hir clothes reſembled thouſand kindes of thrall,
And pictures playne, of haſtened deathes withall.

I musing lay in paynes and wondred what she was,
Mine eyne stode still, mine haire rose vp for feare an ende.
My flesh it shoke and trembled: yet I cryde alasse,
What wight art thou, a foe or else what fawning frende:
If death thou arte, I praye thee make an ende:
But th'arte not death: arte thou some fury sente:
My wofull corps with paynes to more tormente:

With that she spake I am (q she) thy frend Despaire
Which in distresse eache worldly wight with spede do ayde:
I rive them from their foes, if I to them repayre,
To long from thee by other captiues was I stayde.
Now if thou arte to die no whit affrayde,
Here shalt thou choose of instrumentes, beholde:
Shall ende thy restlesse life, of this be bolde.

And therwithall she spred her garmentes lap aside,
Under the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes:
Both knyues, sharpe swordes, poynadees all bedyde
With bloud, and poysons prest which she could well deuise.
There is no hope (q she) for thee to ryse,
And get thy crowne or libertie agayne:
But for to liue, long lasting pining payne.

Loe here (q she) the blade that Did' of Carthage highte,
Whereby she was from thousande panges of payne let passe:
With this she slewe hir selfe, after Aeneas flighte:
When he to sea from Tyrian shores departed was.
Do chouse of these thou seest from woes to passe,
Or bid the ende prolonge thy paynefull dayes,
And I am pleasde from thee to get my wayes.

With that was I (poore wretche) eyntent to take the knife,
But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearefull faine would bide:
So still I lay in study with my selfe at bate and strife,
What thing were best of both these deepe extreames vntride.
My hope all reasons of dispayre denide,
And she againe replide to moue it best
To dye, for still in life my woes increast.

She calde to minde, the ioyes in Fraunce I whilom had:
She tolde me what a troupe of Ladies was my traine,
And howe ꝑ Lords of Fraunce and Britaynes both were glad,
Of late to waite on mee and subiects all were faine.
She tould I had bin Queene of kingdomes twaine,
And how my nephewes had my seate and crowne:
I could not rise, for euer fallen downe.

A thousand thinges, beside resited then dispaire:
She tould the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
Rehearst the prison vile, insteede of Pallas faire:
My lodging lowe and mouldy meates my mouth did hate,
She shewde mee all the dongeon where I sate,
The dankeishe walles, the darkes and bad me smell:
And bide the sauourie I like it well.

Whereby I wretch devoide of comfort quite and hope,
And pleasures past comparde with present paines I had:
For fatall knife slipt forth my fearefull hand did grope.
Dispaire in this to ayde my senceisse limmes was glad,
And gaue the blade to ende my woes she bad.
I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart:
Ile pray the Gods, reuenge my wofull smart.

If any

If any wronge deserue the wrecke I pray you skyes,
And starres of light, if you my wofull plight do rue:
O Phœbus cleare I thee beseech and pray likewise,
Beare witnes of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true.
You see from whence these iniuries they grue,
Then let like vengeaunce hap and light on those:
Which vndeserued were my deadly foes.

God graunt a mortall strife betwene them both may fall,
That one the other may without remorse distroye:
That Conidagus may, his cosin Morgan thrall,
Because he first decreast my wealth, bereft my ioye.
I pray you Gods he neuer be a Roy.
But caitife may be payde with such a frende:
As shortly may him bring, to sodaine ende.

Farewell my Realme of Fraunce, farewell Adieu:
Adieu mes nobles tous, and England now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladyes, car ie suis pardu:
Il me fault aler, desespoir m'adonne conseil
De me tuer, no more pour Queene farewell.
My nephewes mee oppresse with maine and might,
A captiue poore, gainst iustice all and right.

And therewithall the sight did faile my dazeling eyne,
I nothing sawe saue sole Dispayre bad mee dispatch,
Whom I beheld, she caught the knife from mee I weene,
And by hir elbowe carian death for mee did watch.
Come on (quoth I) thou hast a goodly catch,
And therewithal Dispayre the stroke did strike:
Whereby I dyde, a damned creature like.

Which

Which I alaſſe lament, bid thoſe aliue beware,
Let not the loſſe of goodes or honour them conſtraine:
To play the fooles, and take ſuch carefull carke and care,
Or to diſpaire for any priſon pine or paine.
If they be giltleſſe let them ſo remaine,
Farre greater follye is it for to kill,
Themſelues diſpayring, then is any ill.

Sith firſt thereby their enmyes haue, that they deſyre:
By which they proue to deadly foes vnwares a frende:
And next they cannot liue, to former bliſſe t'aſpyre
If God do bring their foes in time to ſodaine ende:
They laſtly as the damned wretches ſende,
Their ſoules to hell, when as they vndertake
To kill a corps: which God did liuely make.

Finis.

The

The Authour.

NOw, when this desperate Queene had ended thus
Hir tale, and told what hapleſſe grace ſhe had:
As of her talke ſome pointes I did diſcuſſe,
In ſlomber f allen I waxed wondrous ſad.
Hir nephewes dealings were me thought to bad:
VVhich greude mee much, but Morpheus bad let bee,
And therewithal preſented one to mee.

Of ſtature tall a worthy princely wight,
In countenaunce he ſeemde yet mourning ſtill:
His complet harneſſe not ſo braue in ſight,
Nor ſure as ours, made nowadayes by ſkill:
But clampt together, ioynts but ioyned ill:
Vnfit, vnhandſome, heauy, houge and plaine.
Vnweldy wearing, ratling like a chaine.

VVherethroughe he had receiude a deadly ſtroake,
By ſworde, or other inſtrument of warre,
And downe his thighes the bloud by ſithes did ſoake
VVhich I perceiued as he came a farre.
"Now ſith (quoth he) to heare you preſent are:
"I will declare my name, life, factes and fall.
And therewith thus he gan to tell it all,

Morgan telles how he wadgeing warre with his coſin Conidagus was ſlaine at the place yet called Glamorgan, the yeare before Chriſte. 766.

I wot

I Wot not well what reasons I may vse,
To quite my selfe from blame, blame worthy I:
Wherefore I must perforce my selfe accuse,
I am in fault I can it not denye.
Remorse of conscience, prickes my hart so nye,
And me torments with panges of pinching paine:
I can no longer, me from speach refraine.

I am that Morgan sonne of Gonerell,
Th'ungrateful daughter, of her father Leire:
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,
As by the Brytishe stories may appeare.
Ragan, and shee conspirde both sisters were,
But were subdude againe, and causde to yeld
Their fathers crowne, Cordila wan the field.

I neede not here the storyes all recyte,
It were to longe but yet I briefely shall,
The cause Cordila ought hir sisters spite,
Was they procurde hir, and their fathers thrall:
Yet twas hir chaunce at length t'out liue them al,
Both sisters elder, and hir father graue:
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That time was I of Albany the kinge,
Calde Scotland now and eke my cosin then
Of Cornewall and of VVales, whom I did bringe
To warre against Cordila and her men.
Wee said we would our title, winne agen:
And that because our mothers had it yore,
Wee ment to get it ours againe therefore.

I must

I muſt confeſſe I was the cauſe of warre,
I was not pleaſde with that was looted mee:
Euen ſo our mindes Ambitious often ar,
And blinded that we cannot reaſon ſee.
Wee thincke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,
Yet woꝛſe are we thē beaſts, which know their kinde:
Foꝛ we haue nought but miſchiefe oft in minde.

We thincke if ſo we may our willes attaine:
By right, oꝛ wꝛong, by might oꝛ malice wee
Could neuer liue, like Foꝛtune foꝛ to gaine.
Oꝛ if on foes, we once reuenged bee:
If that our ennemies fall, we chaunce to ſee,
O then we ioy we lift our ſelues to ſkye,
And on the pooꝛe, we crucifige crye.

I deemde if once, I might puꝛcher adowne
The kingdomes all, were Conidags and mine,
And I could eaſly after winne the crowne:
If alſo I, his ſtate might vndermine.
I thought in deede to haue it all in fine,
By foꝛce, oꝛ fraude I ment my purpoſe bꝛing
To paſſe, I might be after Britaine king.

To ſpeake in fewe, we waged warre ſo longe,
Gainſt hir, at laſt we put hir vnto flight,
Wee nephewes foꝛ our aunt were farre to ſtronge,
Purſude and toke, depꝛiude her of hir right.
Wee thought it ours what ſo we wanne by might,
Eke ſo play tyꝛaunts, traytours all do watch,
To get by ſpoile, and count their owne they catch.

Not ſo

Not so contented were we with the pray,
But fearing lest she should recouer ayde:
I sent in hast to prison her away,
And all recourse of messengers denayde.
Thus when she sawe hir Maiesty decaide,
And that hir griefes and sorrowes daily grue:
In prison at the length hir selfe she slue.

O captife vile should I constrainde a Queene
That Iustice ment, hir kingdome to forsake,
Nay traytour I, as now by proofe is seene
That would my selfe by bloudshed ruler make.
How could reuenge on me but vengeaunce take,
Before the seate of God, hir bloud did call:
For vengeaunce, and at length procurde my fall.

Lo here Gods iustice, see my treason see:
Beholde, and see to raigne was my delight,
And marke, and make a myrrour here of mee,
Which afterward was serude by iustice right.
Wee wan the crowne, betweene vs both in fight:
And then because I was the elder sonne,
Of th'elder Queene I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought, in peace and warre.
But for my force, and fortunes vse in fight:
I past that time the Britaynes all by farre.
I was of person fortitude and might,
Both comely, tall, stronge, seemely eke in sight,
Whereby I wonne mens fauour, glory, wealth:
And puft with pride, at length forgate my selfe.

I saide

I ſaid it was my right, the crowne to haue,
But Conidagus ſtoutly it denide:
Wherefore I went to VVales my right to craue,
With all mine army and to haue it tryde.
Where long we fought it ſtoutly on eche ſyde,
Till at the laſt vnto my wofull paine:
I was depriude of kingdome quite, and ſlaine.

And for to keepe in memorye for aye,
That there vnfaithfull Morgan loſt his life,
The place is cald Glamorgan to this daye.
There was I perſt to death with fatall knife,
There was the ende of all my hatefull ſtrife:
So Morgan where he thought to win the crowne,
Was at Glamorgan traytour ſtricken downe.

Thus maiſt thou tell, how proude ambition proues,
What hap haue tyraunts, what we traitours haue:
What ende he hath, that cruel dealing loues:
What ſubiects get the Diademe do craue,
Tis better then to winne: thine owne to ſaue.
For ſo orethwartly trade of Fortune goes:
When win thou wouldſt, then art thou ſure to loſe.

Finis.

VVIth that Morganus quickly paſt away,
The night me thought likewiſe was far epaſt
VVherby it weried me ſo long to ſtaye,
But Morpheus bad me byde and ſee the laſt,
cc (q he) the ſtoryes paſſe awaye as faſt,
cc As doth the time, and ſithe th'art nigh th'ende:
cc Thou nedſte not grutche, ſo ſhort a ſpace to ſpend.

And turning then, him ſelfe from me aſyde:
He calde the next which therwithall in ſight,
Appearde and all his breſte with bloud bedide,
VVhat chaunce (q I) hath ſo thy corps bedight,
Thou worthy prince, or what miſhaps of fight?
cc I will (q he) with all my hart vnfolde
cc My fatall fall, and therwithall he tolde.

Forrex declares howe hee mynding to kill his brother whiche ruled with him (that he might therby raigne alone) was by him ſlayne. About the yeare before Chriſte. 491.

PRive moues the mindes, of ſtately wightes
Such hauty hartes to haue,
And cauſeth vs for glory vayne,
That is not ours to craue.

Pryde pluckes out reason forth hir place,
And planteth will in stede:
She puffes our mindes with vayne desires,
Our fancies foude to feede.

Wherby we growe so obstinate,
And so ambitious ill:
That vs at length our brauery bids,
In all thinges vse our will.

Ambition thinkes that lawefull is,
Which likes hir fancie beste:
And demes she ought to haue hir forthe,
And swinge before the reste.

She loues no mates, controlement shee
And warning doth despise:
She demes her selfe in all hir deedes,
And actions wonders wise.

She hath desire of this and that,
To get by crouche or clawe:
By right or wronge she forceth not,
She vseth will for lawe.

No kinde, or countrey she regardes,
No mother, father shee:
Nor wyfe, or husbande, kithe or kin:
But enuies eache degree.

For if thy hart Ambition haue,
Thy greedy mynde to fill:
Thou wilt not sticke thy dearest frende,
or nerest kin to kill.

But as the prouerbe sayes that Pryde,
Must needes at lengthe haue fall:
Though we suppose of strengthe and powre,
We haue the deuill and all.

Euen so I saye Ambition makes,
Us often clyme so hie:
At length we fall, we come to nought,
And drownde in darkenes lye.

This may I Forrex well auouche,
By proufe to true I finde:
Wherfore I praye the with the reste,
Do put my faultes in mynde.

My father olde hight Gorboduge,
Raignde three score yeares and three:
And at his death gaue all his lande,
Twene Porrex proude and mee.

Fyue yeares we helde, it so in peace,
In reste we ruled well:
But at the last by pryde and wrathe,
Wee foule at discorde fell.

 Wher

We eache encrotchte on others partes,
For rule we liude at strife:
And eache did seeke occasion aye,
To reaue the others life.

I made this counte I elder was,
By birthe the realme was myne:
By warre, or wrong, or bloud I mente,
To haue it all in fine.

And he although he yonger were,
Esteemde his state so sure
As mine: and thought it his, if hee
My death might once procure,

My mother eke, that loude me more,
Although he yonger was:
By diuers meanes did helpe me still,
To bring my feates to passe.

Wherby I thought my selfe so sure,
To haue my purpose sped:
As I requirde if once I might,
Get of his crafty head.

See here what faith what frendship is,
What loue what fauoure wee:
Do shewe to any wight aliue,
If once aloste we bee

To fa-

To fathers, we are faithleſſe ofte:
To bꝛothers, butchers vile:
Of ſiſters ſmale accounte we make,
And wedded wyues exile.

If any kithe, oꝛ kin, we haue,
By whom we vantage may:
We care not by what cruell meanes,
Their liues we take away.

But foꝛ to get the ſeate alone,
And foꝛ to wynne the crowne:
We care not whom, noꝛ when, noꝛ howe:
So we may get them downe.

O bꝛutiſhe beaſtes! nay woꝛſe then thoſe,
Foꝛ they are ſtill contente:
With that they haue what euer them,
Hath God oꝛ Nature ſente.

But we do gape, and gaze foꝛ gloꝛe:
We pꝛowle, and powle, and pill,
And ſweare, and ſtare, and ſtriue, & fighte,
And one an other kill.

And all foꝛ pompe, and gloꝛie great,
Foꝛ name, renowne, eſtate:
Not caring of the commons crye,
Oꝛ Godes eternall hate.

If I had had, the giftes of grace,
I neuer would haue sought:
By any meanes such worldly trashe.
With brothers bloud to boughte.

But as I ment euen so I sped,
So bloudy butchers thye:
When moste I deemde my purpose sure.
He was to good for me.

For as I thought his bloud to shed,
I compaste was about,
So that for thousand kingdomes, I
Could not with like scape out.

He perste my hart, what skilles it sithe,
My minde was euen as bad:
For why what measure I him mente,
My selfe like measure had.

And so all such, as murder meane,
Intende, or treason vse:
Shall at the length, like ende attayne,
Or worse they cannot chuse.

FINIS.

VVHen as king Forrex thus had tolde his tale,
Me thought he stayde no whit but went his way.
Then came a mangled corps as full of bale,
And or he nerer came made halfe a stay.
"(q Morpheus) come for shame thou nedste not stay,
"As bad as thou haue tolde their tales before,
"And so must thou and diuers other more.

Porrex recites howe for the slaughter of his brother, he was slayne by his owne mother and hir maydens, as he laye sleeping. About the yeare before Christe. 491.

(**)

Genes. 4. FRom darkesome dennes, where cruell Cayne,
And others like do lye:
Whose bloudie blades were bathde in bloud,
Poore captiue thence come I.

Annius. Where Typhon his brother slewe,
Osiris in despite:
And where their sister Isis is,
Did him againe requite.

Virgil. Wher Dardanus to rule alone,
His brother made away:
Inculi. Etheoclus, Polinicus,
At once did others slay.

Seruius. 3. Aeneid. Ouid in Iben.

Where Helenus king Priams son:
His brother Theon kilde.
Medea eke in bloudy wyse:
Her brothers bloud that spilde.

Statius

Where Tydeus is in hunting shote
His brother through the side
Polytes eke his brothers harte
With sworde that opened wyde.

Herodotus.

And where as that Cambyses is,
His syster once that slewe.

Gel. lib. 4. cap. 3.

And Polipontes king that made,
His brother treason rewe.

And cruell where Odores is,
Which mercy did deny:
To Mithridate his brother deare,
That did for pardon crie.

Herodotus.

Eke where Learchus is that did,
His brother sicke destroy:
With poyson deadly hoping so,
To make him selfe a Roy.

Ouid in Iben.

And where that wretche Mamertes lyes,
His brothers sonnes that spilte.
And Sisapho tormenting him,
For such an heynous gilte.

Where

Plutarch. Laert. Volater.

Where Rhesus and Caduidus are,
with shaftes their brethren slewe,
And Philadelphus Ptolomæ,
his brothers death did brewe.

Volater.

Where Philopater Ptolomę,
his father made away:
And after that his brother with
his dearist frendes did slay.

Plato 10. de rep.

And where Ardieus tyraunt vile,
his aged father stroyde.
And after that his elder bro-
ther kingdomes to enioyde.

Cælius.

Where Mithridatus beastly king,
of Pontus feeles anoye:
Which mother his and brother eke,
sixe children did destroye.

Volat.

Where is Antiochus the great,
His brother brought to graue:
That he might onely raigne alone,
and all the kingdome haue.

Liuius. Lucan. Ouid.

Where Romulus that Remus slew,
of Romaines first had fall:
Though louing brother first he were,
presumde to scale the wall.

And where

Flores Hist. And where Mempricius lewde doth lye,
a Britaine Prince that slue,
His brother Manlius fearing lest,
he were to him untrue.

Where Iugurth eke that basterde is,
Salust. his brethren brought to graue:
That after them Numidia,
he might for kingdome haue.

And where a Thousande are beside,
which were to longe to tell:
Their parents deare and brethren slue,
and now in darkenes dwell.

From thence I came a Britaine yore,
namde Porrex once a kinge
Againe: to shewe what vices mee,
To sodaine death did bringe.

Now list a while and then do write,
what I thee tell: that others may,
Themselues in such attempts as these,
from bloudy acts, as brethren stay.

My brother Porrex fiue yeares space,
and I this kingdome helde:
Betweene vs both the common weale,
wee scace did wisely welde.

At length

At length we fondly fell at strife,
so Princes bide no mate,
Nor make, nor partners, with to raigne
but beare their equals hate.

The heire because I youngest was,
thought his by right the crowne:
But I esteemde the halfe was mine,
and all if he were downe.

Whereby O brothell, butcher eke,
not brother I did slay:
My brother for to haue it all,
and get his right away.

Such are the acts of heedelesse youthes,
Such are their studies still:
Which care not what offence they make,
So they their fancies fill.

But as it is iniustice, and
an haynous acte to vse:
Such murder, slaughter, paricide
and Iustice all refuse.

So Ioue the iust at length requites,
our deedes: and makes vs rewe,
Wee euer were, to God, or man
or natures hestes vntrue.

For when

For when I deemde the crowne was mine:
which had my brother slaine.
O griefe to tell my mother, and
hir maydens wrought my paine.

Both for my fault, and for she loude,
my brother Forrex still:
With all hir maides she came by night,
my sleeping corps to kill.

And I that slombring sleeping lay,
though many dreames foretolde,
My hapless fall: could neuer wake,
the meaning to vnfolde.

But last supposing with my selfe,
I cruel Tigres sawe,
With rauening fearcenes, rent theyr yong:
against dame Natures lawe.

She came on mee to fill my dreame,
before my eyes could wake,
And with a dagger reft my life:
for Forrex slaughters sake.

Much like Agaue and hir mates,
shee and hir maidens got:
Them tooles therefore, and hewde my corse,
as small as flesh to pot.

Virgil in Culice.

Or Progne Queene hir children slue,
and hewde their membres small:
In wrathfull ire made Tereus feede,
and fill himselfe withall.

Ouid.
6. metamor.

Or like Medea monster Queene,
hir Iasons sonnes that kilde:
Because she was forsaken when,
his purpose was fulfilde.

Virgil. 8.
Aegl.

Like these was shee nay worse for why,
this ended Brutus line:
Brought mee to ende and hir to shame,
Though first the fault were mine.

Bid those beware that weene to winne,
by bloudy acts the crowne:
Lest from the height they feele the fall,
of topsy turuye downe.

For if when they suppose themselues,
aloft to touche the skye.
There chaunce a storme there is no holde,
to staye themselues so hye.

But faster farre, more swiftly they,
and with more swinge descende:
Then euer erst they could with all,
their force to clime contende:
Do bid them then in all their deedes,
marke well the fineall ende.

Finis,

The

The Authour.

NExt after Porrex came another such,
Had all his body quite in peeces rent:
A desperate man, his life bewayling much.
VVhich for he seemed sorely to lament,
I was the rather him to heare content:
That I might also note his story here,
From like attempts of vices you to feare.

Kimarus shewes howe for his euill life he was deuoured by wilde beastes, the yeare before Christ 321.

NO place commends the man, vnworthy prayse:
No title of estate, doth stay vp vices fall:
No wicked wight, to woe can make delayes:
No loftye lookes preserues the proude at all:
No braggs or boaste, no stature high and tall:
No lofty youth, no sweraring, staringe stoute:
No brauery, banding, cogging, cutting out.

Then what auayles, to haue a princely place:
A name of honour, or an highe degree:
To come by kinred, of a noble race:
Except wee princely, worthy, noble bee:
The fruite declares the goodnes of the tree.
Do bragge no more, of birth or linage than:
Sith vertue, grace, and maners make the man.

My

My selfe might bragge and first of all begin,
Mulmutius made and constituted lawes:
And Belinus and Brenne his sonnes did win,
Such praise their names to bee immortall cause.
Gurgunstus Redbearde with his sober sawes,
The sonne of Beline and my grandsyre grande:
Was fortunate what ere he toke in hande.

His sonne my grandsyre Guintheline did passe,
For virtues praise, and Martia was his wyfe,
A noble Queene that wise and learned was,
And gaue hir selfe to studye all hir life,
Deuising lawes, discust the endes of strife,
Amonge the Britaynes, to hir endlesse Fame:
Hir statutes had of Martian lawes the name.

My father eke was sober, sage and wise,
Cicilius hight king Guintheline his sonne,
Of noble Princes then my stocke did rise:
And of a Prince of Cornewall first begonne,
But what thereby of glory haue I wonne?
Can this suffice to aunsweare eke for mee,
I came by parents of an highe degree?

Or shall I saye Kimarus I was king?
Then might I liue as lewdely as I lust?
No sure I cannot so auoyde the stinge,
Of shame that prickes such Princes are vniust:
We rather should vnto our vertues trust,
For vertue of the auncient bloud and kin,
Doth onely praise the parties shees within.

And no.

And nobles onely borne, of this be sure,
Without the vertues of their noble race:
Do quite and cleane themselues thereby obscure,
And their renowne and dignities deface:
They do their birth, and linage all abace:
For why in deede they euer ought so well,
In vertues graue: as titles braue excell.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erst did I,
They thincke if once they come of Princelye stocke:
Then are they placed safe, and sure so hye
Aboue the rest as founded on a rocke.
Of wise mens warnings all they make a mocke:
Theyr counsayles graue, as abiect reedes despise:
And count the braue, men gracious, worthy wise.

This kingdome came to mee by due discent,
For why my father was before mee kinge:
But I to pleasure all and lust was bent,
I neuer reckt of Iustice any thinge:
What purpose I did meane to passe to bringe,
That same t'accomplishe I withall my might
Endeuorde euer, were it wronge or right,

I deemde the greatest ioyes, in earthly hap:
I thought my pleasures euer would abide:
I seemde to sit, in Ladye Fortunes lap:
I reckt not all the world, me thought beside:
I did by lust my selfe, and others guide:
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall,
And cut me of, thus wise procurde my fall.

As I

As I was alwayes bent to hunting still,
(Yet hunting was no vice to those I had)
When I three yeares had ruled this realme at will,
In chace a chaunce did make my harte full sad:
Wilde cruell beastes as desperate and mad,
Turnde back on me, as I them brought to baye:
And in their rage, my sinfull corps did slay.

A iuste rewarde, for so vniuste a life,
No worse a death, then I deserued poze.
Such wreckes in th'ende to wretches all are rife:
Who may and will not call for grace before.
My wilful deedes wer nought, what wilt thou more:
My wanton wildnesse, witlesse, heedelesse toyes:
By brutishe beastes bereaud me of my ioyes.

FINIS.

The Authour.

ON this Kimarus lefte me all alone,
And so did Morpheus, then I thought to reste:
But yet againe he came presenting one,
For audience likewyse making his requeste,
A worthy prince, he ware a warlike creste:
A blade in hande, he bloudy rusty bore,
VVas all his harnesse from his shoulders tore.

His armes, and handes were all embrued in bloud,
So was his breſte, but all the reſte beſide,
Seemde rayde with matter vyle, or ſlimy mud,
With red and yelow as it were bedide:
You ſcarcely could the ſight therof abide:
Yet ſithe he ſeemde ſome worthy wight to be,
It brought by farre leſſe ſquemiſhnes to me.

Morindus a baſtarde, declares how hee was exalted to the kingdome, waged cruell, and at laſte was devoured by a monſter, the yeare before Chriſte. 303.

LEt me likewyſe declare my factes and fall:
And eke recite what meanes this ſlimye glere:
You nede not fayne ſo quaynte a looke at all,
Although I ſeeme ſo fulſome euery where.
This blade in bloudy hande perdy I beare,
And all this goze bemingled with this glue:
In wytnes I my deadly enmy ſlewe.

Then marke my tale beware of raſhnes vile,
I am Morindus once was Britayne king:
On whome did ſwetely Lady Fortune ſmyle,
Till ſhe me to hir top of towres did bring.
My fame both farre and nere ſhe made to ringe,
And eke my prayſe exalted ſo to ſkye:
In all my time, more famous none then I.

Some

Some saye I was by birthe, a bastarde base:
Begotten of the prince his concubine.
But what I was, declared well my grace:
My fortitude, and stature princely mine:
My father eke that came of princely line,
King Danius gaue not so base degree,
Nor yet the noble Britaynes vnto mee.

For feates of armes, and warlike pointes I passe:
In courage stoute, ther lyude not then my pere:
I made them all, that knewe my name agaste,
And heard how great my enterprises were,
To shrinke, and slynke, and shifte aside for feare:
All which at length, did me such glory bring,
My father dead, the Britaynes made me king.

But see how blinde we are, when Fortune smyles,
How senceles we, when dignities increase:
We euer vse our selues discretely whyles
We little haue, and loue to liue in peace.
Smale fauters factes, with mercy we release:
We vse no rigoure, rancoure, rapine such:
As after, when we haue our willes to much.

For while that I, a subiecte was no king,
While I had nothing, but my factes alone:
I studied still, in euery kinde of thing
To serue my prince and vnderfange his fone:
To vse his subiectes frendly, euerichone:
And for them all, aduentures such to take,
As might them all my persone fauoure make.

But when I once, attained had the crowne,
I waxed cruell, tyranous and fell:
I had no longer mynde of my renowne:
I vlde my selfe to ill, the truthe to tell:
O base degree in happy case full well!
Which art not pufte with pryde, vainglory hate:
But art beneath, content to byde thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in:
Not raignd by reason, ruled all by might:
Ne prudence rekte, right, strength, or meane a pyn:
But with my frendes, in anger all would fight:
I strokes, kilde, slewe who euer were in sight:
Without respect, remorce, reproufe, regarde,
And like a mad man, in my fury farde.

I deemde my might, and fortitude was suche:
That I was able therby conquire all.
Highe kingdomes seate, encreaste my pope so much:
My pryde me thought, impossible to fall.
But God confoundes our proude deuices all,
And bringes that thing wherein we moste do truste:
To our destruction, by his iudgement iuste.

For when three yeares I ruled had this Isle,
Without all rule, as was my ruleste syse:
The rumour ran abroade within a whyle,
And chiefly in the Norweste country ryse:
A monster came from Th'irish seas, brought griefe,
To all my subiectes in those coastes did dwell,
Deuouring man, and beaste a monster fell.

Which

Which whē I knew for trought I straight prepare
In warlike wyse my selfe to try the case:
My haste therto a courage bolde declarde,
For I alone would enter in the place.
At whom with speare on horse I fetchte my race.
But on his scales it enter could no more:
Then might a bulrushe on a brasen dore.

Againe I proukde, yet nought at all preuailde,
To breake my speare, and not to pearce his side:
With that the roaring monster me assailde,
So terrifide my horse, I could not ride.
Wherwith I lighted and with sworde I tryde,
By strokes and thrustes to finde some open in:
But of my fight he neuer pasd a pin.

And when I wersed was, and spent with fighte:
That kept my selfe with heede his daunger fro,
At laste almoste ashamde I wanted mighte,
And skill to worke the beastly monster wo.
I gate me nerer with my sworde him to,
And thought his flākes or vnderpartes to wounde:
If there from scales, might any place be founde.

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,
And eke within his daunger entred quite:
The grizely beaste, straight seasoned me vpon,
And let his talentes, on my corps to light,
He gripte my shoulders, not resiste I might:
And roaring with a greedy rauening looke,
At once in iawes, my body whole he tooke.

 I way

The way was large, and downe he drew me in:
A mõstrous paunche for rowmthe & wõdrous wide,
But for I felte more softer there the skinne,
At once I drewe, a dagger by my side:
I knew my life, no longer could abide:
For rammishe stenche, bloud, poyson, slymy glere:
That in his body, so aboundaunt were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While first my dagger digde about his harte:
His force to caste me, welnie drew my brethe,
But as he felt within, his woundes to smarte:
I loyde to feele the mighty monster starte.
That roarde, & belcht, & groande, & plungde & cride,
And tosse me vp and downe, from side to side.

Long so in panges he plundgde, and panting lay
And drewe his wynde, so faste with such a powre:
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,
We both were dead well nighe within an howre.
Lo thus one beastly monster did deuoure,
An other monster moodelesse to his payne:
At once the realme was rid, of monsters twayne.

Here maist thou see of fortitude the hap,
Where prudẽce, Justice, Tẽperaunce hath no place:
How sodainly we taken are in trap,
When we despise good vertues to embrace.
Intemperaunce doth all our deedes deface,
And lettes vs heedlesse headlong run so faste,
Wee seeke our owne destruction at the laste.

For he

For he that hath of fortitude and might,
And therto hath a kingdome foynde withall:
Except he also guyde him selfe aright,
His powre and strength preuaileth him but small.
He cannot scape at length an hapleſſe fall,
Or Gods reuenge, example take by mee:
And let my death sufficient warning bee.

FINIS.

The Authour.

I Could not thus departe to take my reſte,
For Morpheus bad me byde and heare the laſte.
"(q he) behinde as yet, is one the beſte:
"Do ſtay a whyle, giue eare till he be paſte.
And therewithall approtched one full faſte,
The worthieſt wight I euer erſte did ſee:
Theſe woordes he ſpake, or like it ſeemed mee.

The Tragœdye

Nennius a worthy Britayne, the very paterne of a valiaunt, noble, and faithful subiecte encountring with Iulius Cæsar at his firste comming into this Islande, was by him death wounded, yet natheleſſe he gate Cæsars ſwoorde: put him to flighte: ſlewe therewith Labienus a Tribune of the Romaynes, endured fight till his countrey men wan the battayle, died fiftene dayes after. And nowe encourageth all good ſubiectes to defende their countrey from the powre of foraine and vſurping enemies. About the yeare before Chriſte. 50.

I May by right ſome later wryters blame,
Of ſtories olde, as rude or negligente:
Or elſe I may them well vnlearned name,
Or heedeleſſe, in thoſe thinges about they wente:
Some tyme on mee, as well they might haue ſpente:
As on ſuche traytours, tyrauntes harlottes thoſe,
Which to their countreyes, were the deadlieſt foes.

Ne for my ſelfe, I would not this reſite,
Although I haue occaſion good therto,
But ſure me thinkes, it is to greate diſpite,
Theſe men to others and their countries do.
For there are Britaynes nether one nor two,
Whoſe names in ſtories ſcarcely once appeare:
And yet their liues, examples worthy were.

Tis

Tis worthy praise (I graunt) to write the endes
Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
For what hath of virtue that commends,
Such persons lewde, as nought of vertues care:
But for to leaue out those praise worthy are:
Is like, as if a man had not the skill,
To praise the good but discommend the ill.

I craue no praise, although my selfe deserude,
As great a laude as any Britaine yore:
But I would haue it tolde how well I serude,
My Prince and countrey, faith to both I bore:
All noble hartes, hereby with courage more:
May both their forraine, foes in fight withstande,
And of their enmyes haue the vpper hande.

Againe to shewe how valiaunt then we were,
(You Britaynes good) to moue your harts therby,
All other Nations lesse in fight to feare,
And for your country rather so to dye
With valiaunt hauty courage as did I:
Then liue in bondage, seruice, slauery, thrall
Of forraine powres, which hate your manhode all.

Do giue mee leaue to speake but euen a while:
And marke, and write this story I the tell.
By North from London, more then fiftye myle:
There lyes the Isle, of Ely knowne full well:
Wherein my father built a place to dwell,
And for because he liked well the same:
He gaue the place he Ely hight, his name.

Tis namde

Tis namde the Ile of Ely yet perdy,
My father namde it so, yet writers misse.
Or if I may be bolde to saye: they lye
Of him, which tell that farre untruthlike is.
What truth (I pray you) seemes to bee in this?

Lanquet. Stowe. Grafton. "Hee Ely loude, a goodly place built there:
"Wolt it delited, raignde not full a yere.

Flores Hist. He raigned fourtye yeares as other tell,
Which seemes as tis a tale more true by farre:
By iustice guided he his subiects well,
And liude in peace without the broyles of warre.
His childrens noble actes in storyes ar.
In vulgare tongue: but nought is said of mee,
And yet I worthy was, the pongste of three.

His eldest sonne and heire was after king,
A noble Prince and he was named Lud:
Full politicke and wise in euery thing,
And one that wild his country alwayes good.
Such vses, customes, statutes he withstoode,
As seemde to bring the publique weales decaye:
And them abolisht, brake, repealde awaye.

So he the walles of Troy the new renewde,
Enlargde them made, with fourty towres about,
And at the West side of the wall he bewde
A place, for gates to keepe the enmyes out:
There made he prisons for the poore bankrout,
Namde Ludgate yet for free men debters, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some sayes

Some say the Citye also toke the name
Of Lud my brother: for he it reparde,
And I must needes as true confesse the same:
For why that time no cost on it he sparde.
He still encreast and peopled euery warde:
And bad them aye Kaer lud the city call,
Or Ludstone, now you name it London all.

At length he dyed, his children vnder age.
The elder named was Androgeus,
Committing both vnto my brothers charge:
The yonger of them hight Tennancius.
The Britaynes wanting aged rulers thus,
Chose for that time Cassibellane their kinge,
My brother Iustice ment in euery thinge.

The Romaine then the mighty Cæsar fought,
Against the Galles and conquerde them by might,
Which don: he stode on shores wher see he mought
The Ocean seas, and Britayne clieues full bright.
"(Quoth hee) what Region lyes there in my sight,
"Mee thinckes some Ilande in the seas I see:
"Not yet subdued, nor vanquisht yet by mee:

With that they told him, wee the Britaynes were:
A people stoute, and fearce in feates of warre.
"(Quoth he) the Romaynes neuer yet with feare,
"Of Nation rude, was daunted of so farre:
"Wee therefore minde, to proue them what they are.
And therewithall, the letters hither sent,
By those Embassage brought, and thus they went.

C. Iulius

The tragœdye

C. Iulius Cæsar Dict. of Rome to Cassibellane kinge of Britaine sendeth greetinge.

" Sith that the Gods haue giuen vs all the Weſt,
" As ſubiects to our Romaine Empire hie:
" By warre, or as it ſeemed Ioue the beſt,
" Of whom we Romaynes came and chiefely I.

" Therefore to you which in the Ocean dwell,
" As yet not vnderneth ſubiection due:
" Wee ſende our letters greeting, wete ye well,
" In warlike caſes, thus we deale with you.

" Firſt that you as the other Regions paye,
" Us tribute yearely, Romaynes we require:
" Then that you will with all the force you may,
" Withſtand our foes, as yours with ſword and fire.

" And thirdly that by theſe, you pledges ſende,
" T'aſſure the couenaunts once agreed by you.
" So with your daunger leſſe, our warres may ende:
" Els bid we warre, Caſſibellane Adieu.

Cæſar.

No ſooner were theſe Cęſars letters ſeene,
But ſtraight the king for all his nobles ſent:
He ſhewd them what their auncestours had bene.
And praide them tell in this their whole intent.
He tould them where about the Romaynes went,

And what

And what ſubiection was, how ſeruile they
Should bee, if Cæſar bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaynes euen as ſet on fyre,
(My ſelfe not leaſt enflamed was to fight)
Did humblye him in topfull wiſe require:
That he his letters would to Cæſar write,
And tell him plaine wee paſte not of his ſpite.
Wee paſt as litle, of the Romaynes wee,
And leſſe: then they of vs, if leſſe might bee.

Wherefore the ioyfull kinge againe replide,
Through counſaile wiſe of all the nobles had,
By letters hee the Romaynes heſtes denyde:
Which made the Britayns hauty harte full glad,
No doubt the Romaynes more then halfe were mad,
To here his letters written, thus they went:
Which he againe to mighty Cæſar ſent.

Caſſibellane kinge of Brit.
to C. Iulius Cæſar Dictat.
ſendeth aunſwere.

" AS thou O Cæſar writſte, the Gods haue giuen to thee,
" The Weſt: ſo I reply, they gaue this Iſlande mee.
" Thou ſayſt you Romaynes, and thy ſelfe of Gods diſcende:
" And darſt thou then, to ſpoile our Troian bloud pretende?
" Againe, though Gods haue giuen, thee all the world as thine:
" Thats parted from the world, thou getſt no lande of mine.
" And ſith likewiſe of Gods we came, a Nation free:
" Wee owe no tribute, ayde, or pledge to Rome or thee.

To ſaue

" Retract thy will, or wadge thy warre, as likes thee beſt:
" Wee are to fighe, and rather then to frendſhip preſt.
" To ſaue our country, from the force of forraine ſtrife:
" Eche Britaine here, is well content to venter life.
" Wee feare not of the ende, or daungers thou doſt tell:
" But vſe thy pleaſure if thou mayſte, thus fare thou well.

Caſſib.

When Cæſar had receaude his aunſwere ſoe,
It vext him much: he fully ſtraight decreed,
To wadge vs warre, and worke vs Britaines woe:
Therefore he haſted hitherwarde with ſpeede.
Wee Britaynes eke, prepard our ſelues with heede,
To meete the Romaynes all in warlike wiſe:
With all the force, and ſpeede we might deuiſe.

Wee Britaynes then farre deemde it meeter much,
To meete him firſt at th'entry on this lande:
Then for to giue an entrye here to ſuche,
Might with our victuals here our ſelues withſtãd.
Tis better far thy enemye to abande,
Quite from thy borders to a ſtraunger ſoyle:
Then be at home, thee and thy country ſpoyle.

Wherefore we met him, at his entry in,
And pitche our campes directly in his way:
Wee minded ſure to leeſe or els to winne
The praiſe, before wee paſte from thence away.
So when that both the armies were in ray,
And trumpets blaſte on euery ſide was blowne:
Our mindes to either eche, were quickely knowne.

Wee

Wee ioyned battaile, fercely both we fought:
The Romaynes to enlarge their Empires fame,
And wee with all the force and might wee mought,
To saue our country, and to keepe our name.
O worthy Britaynes learne to do the same,
Wee brake the rayes of all the Romaine host:
And made the mighty Cæsar leaue his boast.

Yet he the worthiest Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray, and fought againe a newe
His skilfull souldiers he could bring to passe,
At once for why his traynings all they knewe.
No soner I his noble corps did newe,
But in I brake amongst the Captaines bande,
And there I fought with Cæsar hand to hande.

O God thou might'st haue giuen a Britaine grace,
T'haue slaine the Romaine Cæsar noble then:
Which sought his bloud the Britaynes to deface,
And bring in bondage, valiaunt worthy men.
He neuer should haue gone to Rome agen,
To fight with Pompey, or his Peres to slaye,
Or els to bring his countrye in decaye.

It ioyde my hart to strike on Cæsars crest,
O Cæsar that there had bin none but wee:
I often made my swoorde to trye thy brest,
But Lady Fortune did not looke on mee.
I able was mee thought with Cæsars thee,
To trye the case: I made thy hart to quake,
When on thy crest with mighty strokes I strake.

The stro-

The strokes thou strokst mee, hurt me nought at all:
For why thy strength was nothing in respect,
But thou hadst bathde thy sword in poyson all:
Which did my wounde, not deadly els infect.
Yet was I or I parted thence bewrekte,
I gate thy swoorde from thee for all thy fame:
And made thee flye, for feare to eate the same.

For when thy sword was in my Target fast,
I made the flye, and quickly leaue thy holde:
Thou neuer wast in all thy life so gast,
Nor durst againe be euer halfe so bolde.
I made a nomber Romaynes harts full colde,
Fight, fight, you noble Britaynes now (quoth I)
Wee neuer all will vnreuenged dye.

What Cæsar though thy praise and mine be od:
Perdy the stories scarce remember mee:
Though Poets all of thee do make a God,
Such simple fooles in making Gods they bee.
Yet if I might my case haue tride wyth thee,
Thou neuer hadst retourde to Rome againe:
Nor of thy faithfull frendes, bin beastly slaine.

A nomber Britaynes mightst thou ther haue seene,
Death wounded fight, & spoile their spiteful foes:
My selfe maynde, slewe and mangled mo I weene,
When I was hurt then twenty moze of those.
I made the Romaynes harts to take their hose:
In all the campe no Romaine scarce I spyde,
Durst halfe a combat gainst a Britaine byde.

At length

At lengthe I met a noble man they calde
Him Labienus, one of Cæsars frendes,
A Tribune erste had many Britaynes thralde:
Was one of Cæsars legates forth he sendes.
Well met (q I) I mynde to make the mendes,
For all thy frendship to our countrey crewe:
And so with Cæsars swoorde, his frende I slewe.

What neede I name you euery Britayne here,
As firste the king the nobles all beside:
Full stoute and worthy wightes in warre that were,
As euer erste the stately Romaines tryde.
We fought so long they durst no longer byde,
Proude Cæsar he for all his bragges and boste:
Flew backe to shippes, with half his scattered hoste.

If he had bene a God as sottes him namde,
He coulde not of vs Britaynes taken foyle:
The Monarche Cæsar might haue bene ashamde,
From such an Islande with his shippes recoyle,
Or else to flie and leaue behinde the spoyle:
But life is swete, he thought it better flye,
Then byde amongst vs Britaynes for to die.

I had his swoorde, was namde Crocea mors,
With which he gaue me in the head a stroke,
The venime of the which had such a force,
It able was to perce the harte of oke:
No medcines might the poyson out reuoke,
Wherfore though scarce he perced had the skin:
In fiftene dayes my braynes it ranckled in.

And then to soone (alas therfore) I dyde,
I would to God he had retournde againe:
So that I might but once the dastard spyde,
Before he went I had the serpent slaine.
He playde the cowarde cutthrote all to playne,
A beastly serpentes harte that beaste detectes:
Which or he fighte, his swoorde with bane infectes.

Well then my death, brought Cæsar no renowme:
For both I gate therby, eternall faine,
And eke his swoorde to strike his frendes a downe:
I slewe therewith his Labiene by name,
With prince, against my countrey foes I came:
Was wounded, yet did neuer fainte nor yelde:
Till Cæsar with his souldiours fled the fielde.

Who would not venter life in such a case?
Who would not fight, at countreis whole requeste?
Who would not, meeting Cæsar in the place,
Fight for life, prince and countrey with the beste?
The greatest courage is by factes expreste.
Then for thy prince with fortitude as I,
And realmes behose: is prayse, to liue or dy.

Nowe wrote my life when thou haste leisure and,
Will all thy countrey men to learne by mee,
Both for their prince and for their native lande:
As valiaunte, bolde and feareleste for to bee.
A paterne playne of fortitude they see,
To which directly if them selues they frame:
They shall preserue, their countrey, faith and fame.

VVhen

WHen noble Nennius thus had ended talke,
He vaniſht with ſo ſweete an heauenly ſmell:
Mee ſeemde the graces all with him did walke,
And what I heard of Muſicke did excell.
Like notes of Inſtruments no tongue can tell,
VVith harmonye, of ſuch an heauenly noyes:
Mee ſeemde they paſſed all our earthly ioyes.

Their tunes declarde the battaile all ſo right,
As if the Britaynes and the Romaynes than,
Had preſently in hearing and in ſight:
A freſhe the bloudy battaile all began.
Mee thought I heard the vertues of the man,
By notes declarde, and Cæſars daungers tolde:
More plainely, then with eyes I might beholde.

But when they came to tell of Cæſars flight,
I ſawe the Romaines fall me thought full faſt,
And all the Britaines, chace them euen till night:
VVhere with the ſounde of Britiſhe trompets blaſt.
Made mee ſo madde and mazed at the laſt:
I lookt about for ſword or weapon I,
To runne with Britaynes, cryde they flie they flie.

Their flight to ſhipps, and foyle the trompets ſound,
And blewe the victours triumphes at retourne:
The noyſe welnighe my ſences did confound,
And made my hart with all their loues to borne.
But when they gan the wounded Britaynes mourne.
VVith doubled wayling ſhriekes, ſuch cryes they ſent:
And ſobbes and ſighes, welnighe my hart they rent.

The Authour.

Eke chiefly e they at noble Nennius ſtayde,
They ſeemde with doulefull tunes their notes to riue,
And ſodainly his praiſe againe they playde:
O worthye Nennius for thy facts aliue,
The trumpe of Fame was ſtraightly chargde reuiue,
And keepe, maintaine and celebrate his praiſe:
VVhich graunted, all they vaniſht quite their wayes.

Viuit poſt funera virtus.

Finis q̃ Iohn Higgins.